

THE GRAIL



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Our cover design this month and most of the illustrations are by John Krupa. Lewis Hellwig illustrated "William Turns Mayor," and the drawing on page 174 is by Margaret Bowler.

THE GRAIL

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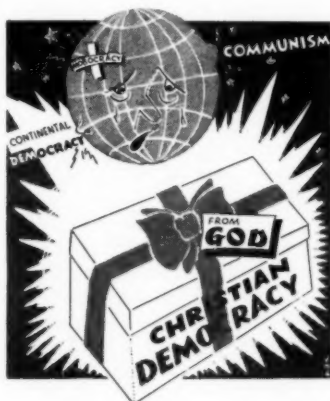
H. C. McGinnis

IN TODAY'S confused and bewildering picture of world society we have four social patterns which call themselves democracy. Since, for example, the current American conception of what constitutes democracy is as different from Moscow's conception as day differs from night, some one has most evidently jumped the track in the realm of terminology. Pitch-blackness may properly define a complete absence of light, but it cannot at the same time define the full light of a strong, unhampered noontime sun. All is not gold that glitters and everything which is called democracy is not necessarily that. Unless we wish to become victims of the present confusion in thinking which pervades so much of today's humanity, we had better set about straightening out our own definitions of things. One of these definitions is that of true democracy, the democracy of the moral concept of society.

Let us look into the four main definitions of democracy which currently exist. In examining the Moscow definition let us use a very great

charity of mind and assume that Moscow's Reds are sincere—that according to their own psychological processes they actually believe they are living the purest form of democracy, which they claim Communism to be. A few weeks ago we Americans found ourselves aghast, and most certainly amused, when Moscow insisted, first through France and then through her stooge government in Poland, that Franco be tossed out of Spain because he is rated a dictator, because he heads an authoritarian government, because Spain's citizens do not have "free expression" in political matters. Spain, said Moscow through her Charlie McCarthys, has no right to sit in a council of democratic nations. Perhaps that is because Franco hasn't held elections and Russia recently held one. But what an election! The freedom to vote! The freedom to vote was there all right, provided the voter voted for Stalin. There was no freedom of

choice. It was the Moscow-formulated ticket or nothing. The freedom to vote means nothing without the freedom of choice. The Russian freedom to vote is like the Heiling of Hitler in Nazi Germany: if one Heiled Hitler, all was well; if he didn't, the Gestapo ended his earthly journey that night. Perhaps the freedom to vote for Stalin and his gang and for no one else is an advance over Czarist days when Russia's rulers cared little about the approbation of their subjects; but the net results are the same. True democracy and self-government cannot exist without the citizenry possessing the freedom of choice; hence Communist Russia enjoys no more democracy and self-government than did Czarist Russia, even though today's Russians call the right to approve a one-party ticket democracy personified. Communism, which denies the individual the exercise of his God-given dignity and which defies the pattern of the natural order of society as established by the Creator, is definitely not democracy even though its followers insist it is. It is simply an extreme and violent form of totalitarianism.



ANOTHER social pattern which calls itself democracy is the one which received its chief impetus from the philosophy of Rousseau and the French Revolution. To some it is known as the Continental brand of democracy. Under it the citizens elect their public officials, although the candidates are often picked and financed by powerful financial or industrial groups. These

Between the Lines

H. C. McGINNIS

Christian Democracy

"Go Ahead, World - Examine It."

groups are high reactionary in their philosophy and while they prate loudly about equality of opportunity for all, actually they confine opportunity to their own ranks as much as possible. While, generally speaking, the citizen goes through the motions of exercising his franchise, in reality he is governed by a plutocracy which so manipulates matters that the civil administration is little more than a clever puppet-show, with the strings pulled by the plutocrats. Such States are Individualist States, although they seemingly use democratic processes. In the more reactionary of Individualist States, there is practically no regard for the common good. They operate on the survival of the fittest theory and, of course, the rich and powerful have a tremendous head-start which they consistently maintain. Although such States make considerable noise about their devotion to liberty, actually it is license that they worship. In less reactionary States, the common good is confined to the good of the majority, with groups of the citizenry striving to win elections for the sole purpose of serving their own best interests. Very rarely do majority groups concern themselves about the welfare, rights and privileges of minorities.

In the economic life of Individualist States *laissez-faire* is the ruling ideology. The civil authority is expected to provide for the common defense and maintain internal order, but it is not permitted to show much more than a passing interest in the economic welfare of its citizens. Certain so-called economic laws are offered as providing all the economic justice which can be expected. These economic laws, many of which are either frauds or opiates, are offered as the governing factors in every aspect of living. Under Individualism, the only man who exists is the economic man. Man's spiritual destiny and his social value are given scant, and usually no, consideration. Man's entire value to society is computed by his value as an economic unit.

It is this social pattern which has caused democracy to fall into disrepute with millions of people. As the

result, real democracy suffers a condemnation which it does not deserve, for Individualism is as far removed from true democracy as is Communism. It is the injustices of Individualism which has caused so many so-called democracies of Europe to turn to a form of totalitarianism as a refuge. What these people really seek is true democracy and its justice but, unfortunately, they fail to see that the remedy which totalitarianism proposes is as bad as the disease which it claims to cure. Having been misled to believe that *Homo Economicus*, the economic man, is the all-important man, the people of several European nations feel that the surrender of their natural, political, and social rights is of no consequence if they can secure in return a fair measure of economic security. The fact that this economic security is only a promise which has never yet, and cannot possibly be, delivered apparently never enters their heads, so anxious are they to escape the evils of the Individualistic pattern.

IN TRYING to make this escape, people often enter into another social pattern which is also erroneously called democracy. It is what the Holy Father has so aptly called "movements of the masses" as contrasted to the orderly and constitutional process of "the people." Such mass-movements are invariably led by demagogues who utter very democratic-sounding pronouncements, but who only seek power for themselves and their immediate friends. When such movements succeed, as in Yugoslavia, these demagogues rapidly become dictators and the common people, seeking freedom, have less freedom than previously. At the very best, these movements can achieve only mobocracy and mobocracy is the very opposite of democracy. It is Individualism gone mad. The mere fact that the people of a nation will divide themselves into armed groups and contend by violence for control or the establishment of whatever ideology they hold and call such action democracy plainly reveals just how confused is their idea of what constitutes real democracy. On the other hand it

shows how widely Individualism, even in its berserk stages, is mistaken for democracy.

THE fourth social pattern which is called democracy is called that by a comparative few and is very little practiced. It is that pattern which is based on the natural rights of the individual, the general welfare of the community, and the preservation of the natural order of society. Its ruling motif was born in the Cave of Bethlehem, for it is the moral conception of human society. It does not primarily concern itself with any form of government, for it can exist under any form of civil administration which does not offend the individual's inherent dignity. It may exist in a constitutional monarchy, it may exist in a republic. It may exist in any moral form of government so long as that government exists through the will of the people morally exercised.

Although its actions may be decided by the majority vote, it recognizes that the common good means the good of all its citizens, no matter how small may be the groups to which some of them belong. While it makes its chief concern the welfare of its citizens, it steps into their lives only when the individual can no longer help himself adequately due to circumstances beyond his control. Since it recognizes the basic truth that one of man's natural rights is the right to the opportunity to earn a sufficient living for himself and his dependents, it does not attempt to provide this living, but does make it its business to see that the opportunity to earn a decent living exists when private enterprise cannot do so. However, it does not insist that only those who work shall eat, for it recognizes that while the individual has a certain economic value, he has spiritual and social values which far exceed his economic one. Hence those who would work, but who cannot because of incapacity, are made the concern of the public authority. Thus it practices the social truth that the welfare of the entire community is best served when the welfare of the individuals who compose it is rightfully served. For obviously no community is

PROCESS OF Canonization by Jerome Palmer O.S.B.



Joseph Gebhard Eugster as a young Benedictine Laybrother at Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. He was professed at the age of 27.



Servant of God, Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., whose cause of canonization is expected soon to reach the Apostolic Process. Born 1848. Died 1925.

Einsiedeln Abbey, Switzerland, site of the martyrdom of St. Meinrad in 861, after whom Brother Meinrad was named. The illustrations used in this article are from an album of photos collected during the time of the Informative Process of Brother Meinrad's cause.

ON the seventh of next month, July, the first United States citizen to attain the honors of the altar will be canonized in Rome. She is Mother Frances Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Though born in Italy, she made America the land of her adoption and the scene of many of her heroic labors. Because of the veil of obscurity that sometimes hangs about the terminology and methods used by the Church in investigating the claims to sainthood of one of her

children and in proclaiming them worthy of veneration, we are undertaking in these pages to explain, as clearly as brevity will permit, exactly what is the process through which one's life and deeds must pass in scrutiny before Rome will sanction any public or ecclesiastical cult.

The process is a long one, marked from beginning to end with the greatest caution and deliberation. Each step is regulated by minute and specific rules laid down in the Church's Law (Canon Law) and

stronger than the total strength of the individuals who compose it.

Since the true democratic State recognizes that each of its citizens is created in the image of the Creator, it does not deny the exercise of the individual's natural rights. It realizes that it is an institution established to serve and protect the welfare of society's basic unit, the family, and therefore admits its obligations to serve the family's best interests by safeguarding the home's sanctity by protecting public morals. In so doing it is acting in accordance with the proven principle that

religion and morality are the basic foundations of all social happiness. Moreover, it exercises its functions with dignity and due prudence, for it realizes that the authority accruing to it is an authority which comes from God, and that civil government forms the lesser of the two realms established by the Creator for humanity's welfare. Knowing this, it does not seek to bend, as do those social patterns which falsely call themselves democracy, the various aspects of its citizens' lives to the community's economic pattern. Rather it recognizes man's economic

production as only a necessary adjunct to the achievement of his earthly destiny. It has and practices, in other words, a proper sense of values.

This social pattern is the pattern furnished by society's Creator. Its basic principles are to be found in Holy Writ and more specific and immediate applications of these principles are set forth in the Christian social program. It is the pattern for which society literally aches even though it stubbornly seeks its happiness in nearly everything but the plan furnished by God.



Family homestead of John Eugster, school teacher, near Altstaetten, in the Upper Rhine Valley, where Brother Meinrad and his eleven brothers and sisters grew up in a deeply religious atmosphere.

in the various enactments of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, a body of ecclesiastical officials in Rome, whose duty it is among others, to supervise all matters dealing with canonization and beatification.

The canonization of eminent and holy persons in early ages was not always done as it is now, and we do not propose here to explain the development over a period of nineteen centuries. Those interested in the history of canonization can find it in *The Canonization of Saints* by Reverend Thomas F. Macken, published by Benziger Brothers, and other similar works. Here it is our plan to sketch the method employed today.

However, the word *canonize* will be better understood if we explain that a person was honored for sanctity in the early Church by having his name written on certain tablets and read during the Mass. Later the names were inserted in the "Canon" or fixed prayers of the Mass. The term "canonize" was not used before the twelfth century.

Oratory and Brothers' Chapel in Einsiedeln Abbey, where Brother Meinrad prayed his Office—that of the Blessed Virgin—and made the Stations of the Cross, for which he had a special devotion.



It would be most exceptional for the Church to take up the cause of a recently deceased person—and of course no one can be considered at all for such honors while still living—for the simple reason that Rome thinks it wise to let any enthusiasm engendered by a spectacular death or edifying life moderate before interviewing those acquainted with the candidate for sainthood. If the reputation for a life of heroic virtue be genuine and well-founded, it will not easily be forgotten in a few years. The memory of the virtuous person—if it be wide enough and well established—will inspire those who are interested in furthering the cause of canonization to choose a

Postulator, give him an official commission, and send him to the Ordinary of the diocese, i.e., Bishop or Archbishop, asking that the Ordinary open officially an inquiry into the life and virtues of the deceased candidate for sainthood.

The purpose of this preliminary investigation, undertaken with the permission and authority of the Ordinary, is to procure information about the reputation for holiness of life and for virtues, as well as about deeds of an apparently miraculous nature, and to supply this information to Rome when it is found sufficient to warrant an Apostolic Process. This preliminary or Informative Process became obligatory under Pope Urban VIII in 1634.

If the Ordinary considers the request sufficiently founded, he will appoint a tribunal of officials to begin the work of investigation. These officials include the Judges, and the Promoter of the Faith, as well as a notary, a messenger, and a secretary. In most instances, as when the Postulator is a Roman official, a Vice-Postulator is appointed to look after all arrangements in the local investigation. There may be more than one Vice-Postulator. If the Bishop cannot himself act as Judge, he may appoint his Vicar General or other dignitary in his place, but in that case there must be two other judges appointed as assistants, one a graduate in Canon Law and the other a Master in Theology. In popular language the Defender of the Faith is sometimes called "Devil's Advocate" because his work is to detect any obstacles or flaws that might stand in the way of canonization. As soon as the Ordinary permits the opening of the cause, the candidate is known as a "Servant of God."

The Ordinary appoints a time and place for the first session to be held. This is a public session and two witnesses attend and sign under oath a statement that the work of the session was duly performed. At this first session oaths are administered to the various officials, and the following documents are examined and filed: The Postulator's petition to the Ordinary to open the process and the Ordinary's reply granting leave to hold the process; the commission of Procurator obtained by the Postulator, the citation of the Defender of the Faith, documents granting authority to the notaries, the "Articles submitted by the Postulator, the list of witnesses with whose testimony the "Articles" are to be proved, and acts of the session.

In subsequent sessions the witnesses are summoned and asked to give an impartial account of the person to be advanced in the process. This information is given under oath.

Any report of unusual holiness must be found to be widespread and to exist amongst the more prudent and responsible witnesses. In this way one can discover the judgment of common opinion held regarding the purity and integrity of life and the extraordinary virtues of, as well as alleged miracles wrought by, the subject of the investigation. This covers all opinions held of the candidate during his life and after his death; such opinions are gathered from the choice of a place and manner of burial, inscription, popular visits to the tomb, desire for pictures and relics. It examines also the circumstances of death, e.g., whether the time was predicted, whether the sufferings were resignedly and cheerfully borne, whether the Last Sacraments were fervently received, whether any unusual signs accompanied or followed the death.

Persons interviewed must be intelligent and trustworthy witnesses who were intimately acquainted with the life of the Servant of God and be capable of forming a reliable judgment on the prevailing opinion regarding sanctity and miracles. The proof that such a reputation existed must be beyond all doubt and be generally solemnly attested by at least eight witnesses. There is a minute inquiry to ascertain whether the deceased possessed in a marked degree the theological virtues of faith, hope, and



Brother Meinrad's monastic cell. In the large chair on the left the Servant of God spent most of his last day on earth, and breathed his last, on June 11, 1925.

charity, and the cardinal virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance, and those virtues suited to his state of life.

At the completion of these investigations it is imperative that either the Bishop or some Roman official make sure that no religious veneration has been paid anywhere to the deceased. Such a thing, if discovered, could seriously jeopardize the chances for canonization. This, incidentally, is why publishers of books and magazines prefix to any accounts of alleged miracles the statement that in accordance with the Bull of Urban VIII no anticipation is intended of any decision of Rome regarding the nature of the alleged miracle or the sanctity of life enjoyed by the Servant of God.

The acts or minutes of these sessions are sent to Rome, when petition is made for the Apostolic Process.

(To be continued.)

Brother Meinrad's native parish of Altstaetten.



ROCK CARVINGS



by Anna E. Dickerman

SECRETS of the ages are hidden in the symbols and characters carved on rock surfaces the world over by unknown peoples of thousands of years ago. There will never be a Rosetta stone by which to decipher them, and when and by whom they were made, what they signify, how they have resisted weathering and time, and why they are often found in remote and inaccessible places are hidden mysteries and will always so remain.

The Cherokee Indians tell of picture writings on cliffs in the Great Smoky Mountains, near the Tennessee-North Carolina border. Such is the difficulty in reaching the spot, that pack-horses must be left at a base camp many miles distant, and men must travel on afoot with only such equipment as they can carry on their backs.

A few miles south of Phoenix, Arizona's capital, is Hieroglyphic Canyon, a popular picnic resort, where there are so many picture rocks that they have given the Canyon its name. A tiny stone may be picked up there, so covered with carvings that it resembles fine engraving. In contrasting size, entire cliff surfaces show the work of the painstaking early artists who had no other tool than a sharp stone or piece of flint or quartz. From the time and effort involved, the meaning could not have been trivial.

Newspaper Rock, in the Petrified Forest National Monument, is so called because the petroglyphs are so closely spaced that they remind one of a newspaper page, and may indeed contain quite as much information if it could be read.

Early man in Idaho and Utah, chiseled maps which compare so accurately with those of recent date that locations can be identified. They showed trails, hunting grounds, rivers, fishing holes; direction and distance indicated by groups of parallel bars, danger zones where enemy tribes existed, and birds and animals common to the region.

There are Mayan-like carvings on the walls of two small canyons in the Mojave desert. They average a foot or two in diameter, and are uniformly about three-quarters of an inch deep. They were apparently done with stone chisels. One somewhat resembles a three-story building with wedge-shape windows; and others portray the characteristic Mayan mazes and suns. David Banks Rogers, curator of anthropology at the Santa Barbara museum, discovered the carvings and has reason to believe that they are five thousand years old. Inscriptions of a later, but still ancient culture are also present. These pictographs may be a connecting link between a Bering Strait migration from Asia and

the Central American civilization which flourished many centuries later.

Unusual "painted rocks" are found in the State of Washington, showing elaborate designs in pale red, yellow, green, and white. They are numerous in the valley of the Columbia River. Some represent a goat-like animal with immense horns curving backwards. In Buffalo Cave near Wenatchee, at the entrance of Lone Pine Canyon, there are many buffalo pictures and the colors are preserved well on account of non-exposure to the weather. An extremely rare find in this State was a small oval piece of granite, five inches high and four inches in diameter, weighing three-and-a-half pounds. It is carved in the likeness of an expressionless face and is hollowed at the top. Some of the finest rock painting and carvings have been obliterated by the backing up of the water above Bonneville Dam.

Walnut Island in the Susquehanna River, took its name from the vast number of walnut trees which grew there and were cut down and floated down the river to be made into furniture. A violent storm followed by unusually high water, washed away much of the soil after the trees had been removed, and disclosed strange designs on the limestone rocks, made by man so long ago that it is idle to conjecture when.

Elsewhere along the Susquehanna, rocks were discovered with petroglyphs showing curves. These point to a high degree of civilization, for untutored people draw only straight, simple lines. The rock artists knew that birds of prey descended upon their victims with a spiral motion; that the banks along streams were curved and that the flowing water created eddies and whirlpools; that an object tossed into the water produced ripples; that the wind whirled fallen leaves into circles; that the moon when full, was round; and that in hundreds of ways, Nature showed her love of the curve, the circle and the spiral. Thus, they used these forms in their work. The snake, which always indicates caution and danger, was carved opposite a treacherous landing spot;



Petroglyphs on lava cliffs of the Port Neuf River, south of Pocatello, Bannock County, Idaho.

and the spreading root, a symbol of safety or security, marked the safest point. Again, it is believed that the predecessors of the Maya Indians of Central America, may have lived in this region thousands of years ago. One of the carvings shows a sacrificial altar. Human sacrifices were probably offered, and several grooves which cross the surface, may have been channels to receive the blood of the victims.

Even in the desolate wastes of the Sahara desert, rock carvings have been found. Wandering tribes told of them, until explorers who were lured by the descriptions, set out to locate them and were successful. The animals represented could not have lived in the Sahara under present conditions, and the drawings were made so long ago beyond a doubt, that the desert was not the stretch of sand that it is today. The pictured beasts may actually have roamed there.

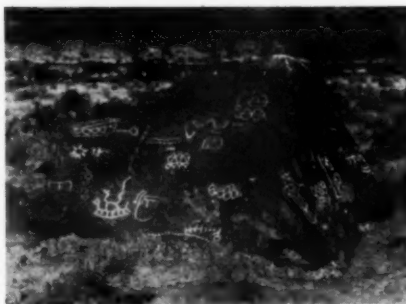
Rock carvings in Brittany and the British Isles date back 3,500 years and more. By far the greater number is in Ireland. They probably had much to do with the strange religious beliefs of the early people. Even in that remote time, trade was carried on by sea, and it is easy to understand how ideas and cults and ritual ceremonies spread from one country to another, and were modified to fit in with the beliefs and practices already held.

Ancient maritime peoples believed that the sun was borne on a ship across a wide sea between its setting and rising. The solar ship and other sun symbols, including the swastika, appear on rocks in many European countries and North Africa. Carvings in Britain which look like a comb upside down with rather long teeth, represent men who are rowing a ship to its destination. Also in Britain

are many rock pictures of a nightmarish owl-face female deity which was worshipped by agricultural people. In Ireland there is a rude rock-record of a neolithic battle, in which vertical strokes with a circle or a knob at the top, represent the fighting men.

Sweden's interesting rock drawings tell as clearly as printed page of the life and events in the Bronze Age,

Snake River Canyon, Owyhee County, Idaho.



roughly from 2500 to 500, B.C. They show wooden plows drawn by oxen; a vehicle crudely like a sleigh, which was necessary for travel in the northern winters; and man is pictured on horseback; in ceremonial dances; and in battle, equipped with bronze axe, sword, dagger and spear, protecting himself with a shield. There are trumpeters with their trumpets, predecessors of the buglers of today; there are many familiar domestic animals; and principally, there are countless pictographs of boats, manned by as many as eighty men. These are plainly war vessels, and each is captained by a figure taller than the others, wearing a distinctive type of head-dress. Some of these boats are eight feet long and human figures are from eight inches to life size.

In Liguria, Italy, where glaciers have polished the rock surfaces to almost mirror-like smoothness, there are rock engravings which are reached under such difficulties that it seems a marvel that they could have been wrought by human beings. If of a religious character, they were probably isolated so that they would not be desecrated. In a cruder form than in Sweden, they show axes, daggers, arrow-heads, and the agricultural implements then in use.

Hand axes have been carved on rocks the world over. The axe was not only useful for domestic purposes but chiefly, as a weapon. It was an emblem of force and commanded respect. In a dreadful way, axes were connected with a ritualistic ceremony at the time of sowing. A human sacrifice would first be offered and then the dripping axe would break the virgin ground for planting.

In Switzerland, England, Belgium, France, Italy, Portugal, the Baltic region, India and the Ameri-

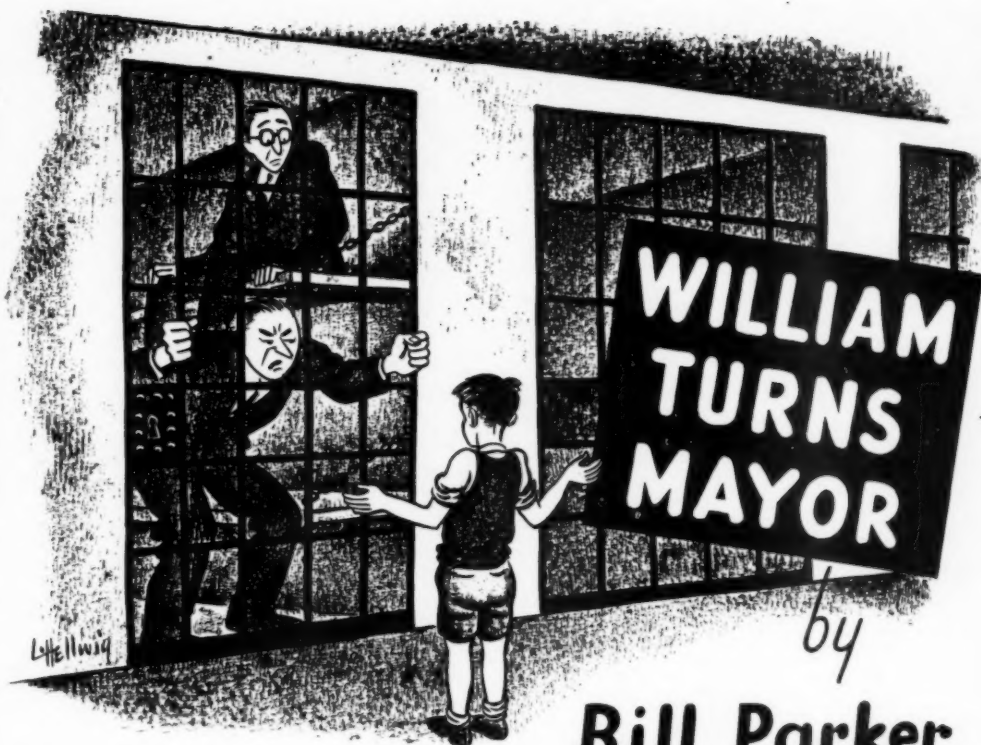
cas, there are rocks and blocks in which cups or small basins have been artificially hollowed out. In Scandinavia these are elfen stenars or elf stones, and they are mysteriously associated with the little elementals who are said to be eagerly awaiting the day when they will be clothed in human flesh. Many offerings are brought by friendly natives and placed in these receptacles so that the Little People will know that man feels kindly towards them. In Belgium these rocks are thought to have been hollowed out by a race of dwarfs, who likewise are elementals, and who serve mortals in many a helpful way. Every country has legends connected with these rock sculptures. The fact that they are universally found and are more or less similar, suggest to many authorities, the common origin of man.

In South Africa, countless ages ago, there were artists and sculptors whose work would have been nothing short of genius, had they lived in historic times. One of them, with a sharp-edged stone as his only tool, made in bas-relief on hard basaltic rock, the figure of a black rhinoceros, tossing a boy on his horns. The fury and power of the great beast and the agony of the helpless child, who is endeavoring to save himself by clutching an ear of the rhinoceros, are amazingly shown. Also in the Transvaal, is an enormous petroglyph of a white rhinoceros attended by a flock of tick birds. The antiquity of these figures is beyond question, for they are covered with a heavy "desert varnish," a reddish-brown oxidation of the surface, which is caused only by exceedingly long exposure to the weather.

Pictures and carvings have been made not only
(Continued on p. 190)

Petroglyphs (sides) from Warshield Rock Shelter, Arrow Canyon, Nevada. Age of the rock carvings in the center (near Waterflow, New Mexico) is estimated at 1000 years. Photos by courtesy of Carnegie Institution, Washington, and Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.





by
Bill Parker



NO one except perhaps the janitor with his daily classroom mess hated school any more than William—School was like castor oil—You had to take it and it went down hard. Only like today when exciting things were happening was school even bearable.

William was running for Mayor!

"Ole Honey Bunn wouldn't quit," exclaimed William. "I told him I'd give him my good luck rabbit's foot and three genuine glass marbles, but he wouldn't quit."

Earl Bassett, happy with the two Bounce-O comic books William had paid for his questionable support, nodded sympathetically: "Nobody but the girls will vote for Ole Honey Bunn anyway. I hope you win so I can be your Police Chief."

William kicked at an imaginary tin can. "There's too many ole girls in this town. Let's go find Joe Edge. Maybe he can help us think of something."

Having only an hour before election time to do his "campaigning" William needed help desperately. Being Mayor for a day was the highest honor any fifth grader could get. William's father had proudly offered a 10¢ raise in allowance if his son

won the election. William had no intention of letting Ole Honey Bunn ruin this and have all the fun of bossing a whole town.

Joe Edge looked glum. "I guess I won't get to be Dog Catcher after all. Honey Bunn's gonna win because all the girls say he's more gentlemunny than you."

William screwed his face into what he hoped looked like a sour lemon. "Who wants to be gentlemunny? I'd rather be Mayor. We'd better think of something fast."

"What about kidnapping Ole Honey Bunn?" Earl suggested hopefully.

William balked. "You can get the 'lectric chair for kidnapping. We got to think of something else."

"If he was still in the Death's Head Club you could make him quit," suggested Joe.

"But he ain't," said William sadly. "He wouldn't swallow that raw oyster tied to a string."

"Well we better do something," said Earl. "The 'lection starts in a few minutes."

"Wait a minute," said William, "I got an idea. I'll bet somebody a hundred trillion dollars I get to be mayor. Yes siree I got an idea."



INSIDE THE auditorium anxious voters were becoming impatient. The election was scheduled in five minutes and neither of the Mayorality candidates had appeared for their final plea. These sterling young gentlemen in the company of Earl and Joe were in the basement hatching a deal that would put veteran back-room politicians

to shame.

"And if you win we'll make you swallow two raw oysters on a string," threatened William.

"Yeah," said Earl giving his favorite impersonation of Edgar G. Robinson getting tough. "You'd better quit—See!"

Honey Bunn turned pale at the thought of raw oysters on a piece of string. He wavered. "I might quit if you promise something."

William had no time to be suspicious and besides he felt a little sorry for Honey Bunn. "I'll promise," he said, "and you can have my good luck rabbit's foot to boot."

"You might be afraid." Honey Bunn had given up hope of becoming Mayor, but he sensed a chance to get even. Honey Bunn couldn't fight but he wasn't short when it came to thinking.

"You'd better watch out who you call afraid."—William would walk to China and back on a dare. "What do I have to promise?"

In his wildest dreams Honey Bunn would never have dared attempt what he now proposed to William. "If you're Mayor you can make your police chief arrest anybody." Honey Bunn proceeded cautiously.

William was impatient. "Earl's gonna be my Police Chief and he'll arrest anybody in the world I tell him to—Won't you, Earl?"

Earl assented vigorously. He could hardly wait to play G-man.

"You cross your heart and hope to die you'll arrest anybody I tell you to and I won't try to be Mayor," bargained Honey Bunn.

William thought it was a good bargain. "Cross my heart and hope to die. Who do I have to have arrested?"

"Professor Purks!"—Honey Bunn was surprised that he could even say such a thing to William. "And you'll have to keep him in jail all day."

William, Honey Bunn, Joe, and a rather scared Police-Chief-to-be who would have to take Professor Purks into custody arrived late for the election. Honey Bunn startled his female supporters by

withdrawing from the race, but he was a gentleman to the last. Honey Bunn led the voters in three cheers for "OUR MAYOR."

For the umpteenth time Earl asked. "Maybe Professor Purks won't want to get arrested. What'll we do then?"

"He'll just have to," said William. "I crossed my heart and hoped to die. Last year they arrested Doctor Chaudron and he didn't mind."

"But he didn't stay in jail all day," protested Earl. "They let him right out."

William was adamant. "Well, Professor Purks will just have to stay in. I promised; didn't I? I guess if I'm Mayor I can keep anybody in jail I want to."

"I guess so," said Earl dismally. "But I wish I knew how?"

NEXT morning the regular town officials went to their offices and hid important papers so the kids couldn't mess things up. After posing for the usual pictures they turned the town over to Mayor William and took off for the day.

William took over as he imagined all Mayors took over. "Joe, you're the dog catcher, so go out and don't come back till you catch some dogs."

Joe departed and William turned to the balance of his official family. "Everybody else except Earl and Honey Bunn go do what you're supposed to do. We're gonna have a secret meeting."

Purely out of the bigness of his heart William had appointed Honey Bunn his private secretary. Besides Honey Bunn had thought up putting Professor Purks in jail and William figured he might have some good ideas on how to keep him in all day.

Everyone else had gone, but a secret meeting called for whispering, so William whispered. "First thing we gotta do is put Professor Purks in jail."

Honey Bunn turned pale. "I'm sick. My stomach aches and I feel bad. I'm going home." With that he fled leaving Professor Purks strictly up to the Mayor and his Chief of Police.

Sudden sickness around the Mayor's office seemed catching. "I feel bad too," said Earl. "I feel so bad I bet I die before I get home."

William was disgusted. "I thought you said you wasn't afraid. All you gotta do is arrest Professor Purks. If I was Police Chief I'd do it, but I'm Mayor and a Mayor's a pretty busy man. Yes siree, a Mayor's too busy to go around arresting people."

Earl eased toward the door. "Honest, William, I'd go if I wasn't sick.—Maybe Joe'll arrest him."

"Joe can't arrest anybody but dogs," said William. "Besides, you promised on a Bible you'd be a good Chief of Police like Chief Tamplin."

"But I didn't promise on a Bible to arrest Professor Purks."

"All right! be afraid and go home," said William. "But you promised on a Bible and you'll never go to Heaven."

The choice of going below or arresting Professor Purks was tough for Earl. Professor Purks would probably be mad, but Earl had heard the devil was really something. Resigned to his fate he set out to arrest the principal.

Surprisingly enough Professor Purks was quite willing to be arrested. They were his students and he wanted to play the game up to the hilt. But first he had to finish discussing a business deal. He left Police Chief Earl waiting and returned to his visitor.

"Well, Mr. Devers," laughed the Professor, "the Mayor has ordered me arrested—School stunt you know—Students take over for the day—The Police Chief is waiting out front, so we'd better wind this up."

"Never keep a Police Chief waiting," chuckled Mr. Devers. "They say it's bad etiquette.—Well, Professor, figuring the projector, screen and complete series of film the cost comes to exactly three hundred and ten dollars."

"It's a lot of money," said the Professor thoughtfully. "You see the school board sets aside a fund for additional educational purposes and they depend on me to use it wisely."

"My dear Professor," Mr. Devers swung into high gear. "You surely realize that practically all schools are now using Educational films. You really owe it to your students."

"I know," said the Professor. "But still it's a lot of money."

"Not when you remember that each year a new set of students will also benefit.—Your school is getting a bargain."

"I hadn't thought of that," smiled Professor Purks. "Maybe the Chief of Police will take us by the bank for your money. Then perhaps you'd enjoy going to jail with me before you catch your train."

"Glad to," grinned the salesman. "It should be quite an experience."

William was at the jail to greet Professor Purks. Also on the welcoming committee was Joe Edge,

Dog Catcher for the day, who had not returned empty handed. His sole catch, Bozo, William's bosom canine, slept peacefully in the cell across from the one reserved for Professor Purks. Fortunately no real professional criminals were around to complicate the situation.

Police Chief Earl had rapidly regained confidence. "I got two mean criminals instead of one," he said proudly. "They're late for jail because they went by the bank."

William had promised Honey Bunn about Professor Purks, but a stranger was something else again. He thought he'd better play it safe. "You can go in with Professor Purks if you want to," he told Mr. Devers.

"Delighted," beamed Mr. Devers.

Police Chief Earl held the door awaiting word from Mayor William to lock it. William felt it was only fair to warn Mr. Devers.

"You might stay in a long time."

"Oh, that's all right," jollied Mr. Devers. "What's a year or so?"

Police Chief Earl had barely locked the door when Dog Catcher Joe called from the outside office that he was wanted on the telephone. Excusing himself, Police Chief Earl hurried to answer. He figured more criminals might want to get locked up. It wasn't as hard as he'd figured.

Mayor William stayed to keep his guests company. Professor Purks was just trying the bed accommodations when a newspaper photographer dropped in for pictures. Mr. Devers graciously insisted Professor Purks do all the posing.

"After all Professor they're your students and you're the big news. I'm just in jail by accident."

During this hilarity the phone rang again. This time for the Mayor. William was disappointed that it was nobody but Ole Honey Bunn.

"I've been thinking," said Honey Bunn. "Maybe you'd better not keep Professor Purks in jail all day. He might get mad and keep everybody in after school."

Thus relieved of his promise William felt better. Things always worked out. William returned just as the photographer departed.

"You can come out of jail now," he offered. "I guess you'll be good from now on."

"Thanks Mayor," said Mr. Devers. "If you'll be so kind as to unlock the door."

"Earl—I mean the Police Chief's got the key," said William. "I'll go get him."

But Police Chief Earl was not to be found. Dog Catcher Joe informed the Mayor that Police Chief Earl's father was going hunting and Earl had decided that was more fun than arresting criminals.

William suddenly wished Ole Honey Bunn was Mayor. Being a major league baseball player was easier and you didn't get into trouble. "I'm scared," he confided to Joe.

"I'm going home," said Dog Catcher Joe. "I'll get a whipping if I don't bring in some wood. Besides I feel kinda sick."

Mayor William was sole boss now. He was afraid to tell Professor Purks he'd have to stay in jail and afraid not to. A loud and not too pleasant yell scared the Mayor even more.

"Come on with that key," yelled Mr. Devers. "I've got to make a train."

Reluctantly William returned to face the music. "You'd better let us out now, Mr. Mayor," said Professor Purks. "Mr. Devers has a train to catch."

"I can't," said William. "Earl went fishing and he's got the key."

"You little idiot," bellowed Mr. Devers. "Enough is enough. You'd better get us out and be quick about it."

"Don't shout at the boy," said Professor Purks. "You'll fluster him. It's just a harmless mistake."

"Earl went fishing," repeated William. "Earl went fishing with the key."

"Get me out of here," screamed Mr. Devers. "I've a train to catch."

At this point Bozo ceased his slumbering and began to bark loudly. This irritated Mr. Devers even more. "Get me out of here. This thing's gone far enough. And tell that hound to shut up."

"Easy, Mr. Devers," soothed Professor Purks. "Now William you'd better telephone the Chief of Police."

"But he's gone fishing," moaned William.

"I mean chief Tamplin," said Professor Purks. "He'll have a duplicate key. Tell him to come right down."

Chief Tamplin arrived and released the prisoners. "I might have guessed something like this would happen," he apologized. "We figured that since the jail was empty the kids couldn't hurt anything. I'm sorry if it inconvenienced you and your friend, Professor."

Mr. Devers had regained his composure. "Just a harmless mistake," he said. "And now, Professor, I've just about time to catch my train. You'll receive your purchase by express sometime next week."

WILLIAM had been unusually quiet, but since Professor Purks was smiling and Mr. Devers had gone he felt safe again. "Chief Tamplin, will you let Bozo out of jail?" he asked. "He's growling something awful."

Once released Bozo continued to growl and scratch at the door to the street. "Guess he doesn't like jail," observed Chief Tamplin.

"Oh, that ain't it," said William. "He's mad at that man for hollering at me."

"Oh," said Chief Tamplin. "By the way, Professor, what did he sell you? I heard him mention something you'd bought."

"It's for the school," explained Professor Purks. "We're buying a movie projector and screen along with some educational films."

"Good grief!" exclaimed Chief Tamplin. "You didn't pay in advance?"

"Why yes. But everything's in order. I have a receipt." Chief Tamplin snorted, "You bet it's in order. Your money's right in his pocket. Why he's wanted in five states for that racket. Takes payment in advance and you'll never see the equipment. We had a wire on him last week. Come on, Professor, maybe we can catch him before he makes that train."

Already half down Main Street Mr. Devers saw his train pull in for its half-minute stop. He broke into a trot just as Chief Tamplin, Professor Purks, William, and a thoroughly mad Bozo tumbled out of the police station door.

"He'll make it and we won't," shouted Chief Tamplin. "It only stops for a minute."

But Bozo on four legs was doing better. Mr. Devers and his shouting had not only disturbed his sleep, but Bozo did not like anyone yelling at William.

Not knowing he was being pursued Mr. Devers arrived just as the train began to move out. Reaching for the observation car's hand rail he pulled himself forward. But something pulled him back at this precise instant. Bozo had also raced up with his beautiful set of dog teeth. Bozo's grip proved stronger. Mr. Devers was a very busy gentleman with Bozo until Chief Tamplin arrived with additional worries.

Ex-Mayor William was in very sound financial condition. It seemed that Mr. Devers was no stranger to jails and one in particular offered a hundred dollars for his return. This plus the 10¢ raise in allowance for being Mayor made William decide that a few double jumbo lemon sodas at Moore's drugstore would be just the thing.

Martyr of Purity

Born October 16th, 1890

Died July 6th, 1902

THE Saintly and beloved Pontiff Pius X said one day: "There will be saints among little children." To realize how literally this prophecy has been fulfilled, we have but to let our thoughts dwell for a while on the multitude of beautiful little souls whose names have become household words throughout the world today. We watch the procession of child-lovers of Jesus. Little Irish Nellie of Holy God, Guy de Fongalland, Anne de Guigné, "Le Petit Noël," and many, many others, whose short life seems to have been but an act of love for the Saviour who said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Today, our prayers rise to the throne of God that we may obtain the Beatification of yet another Saintly child, who suffered a cruel martyrdom in order to preserve her purity.

Marie Goretti, or "Marietta," as she was called in the home circle, was born on October 16, 1890, the third of seven children. Her father, Luigi Goretti, and her mother, Assunta Carlini, were God-fearing, saintly parents. Their first-born, Antonio, died when he was only 8 months old, but soon after, God sent them another son, Angelo; then came our Marietta, followed by Mariano, Alessandro, and two little daughters, Ersilia and Teresa. The latter became a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, and, with the mother of our little martyr, as also with Mariano, Angelo, and Ersilia, was living in 1930 when the Italian biography, whence we have drawn these facts, was published by the Passionist Fathers of Nettuno.

The Father, Luigi Goretti, died on May 6, 1900, and little Marietta took on herself the sweet task of consoling her bereaved mother and helping her to look after her small brothers and sisters. The family was poor and there was much work to be done on the tiny farm which was their sole means of livelihood, but happiness and peace reigned in the fervent Christian home. Marietta taught the children their prayers and catechism. She herself had a tender love of the rosary and a special devotion to St. Joseph and St. Anthony.

On June 6, 1901, the feast of Corpus Christi, little Marietta made her first Holy Communion in the Church of Our Lady of Grace at Nettuno. She was then 10 years and 8 months old. Her love of Our Blessed Lady seemed to increase daily. She never forgot to say every night three Hail Marys in order to obtain the gift of Purity.

The days passed peacefully and uneventfully. Marietta spent all her spare moments sewing for the family. Indeed, at the very time of her cruel death she was busy mending the shirt of her murderer.

God had endowed our little heroine with a gift of rare beauty. Her lovely face, large expressive eyes and wealth of golden hair attracted the attention of all. And alas, among others, of a youth Alessandro, who with his father Giovanni Serenelli lived in a part

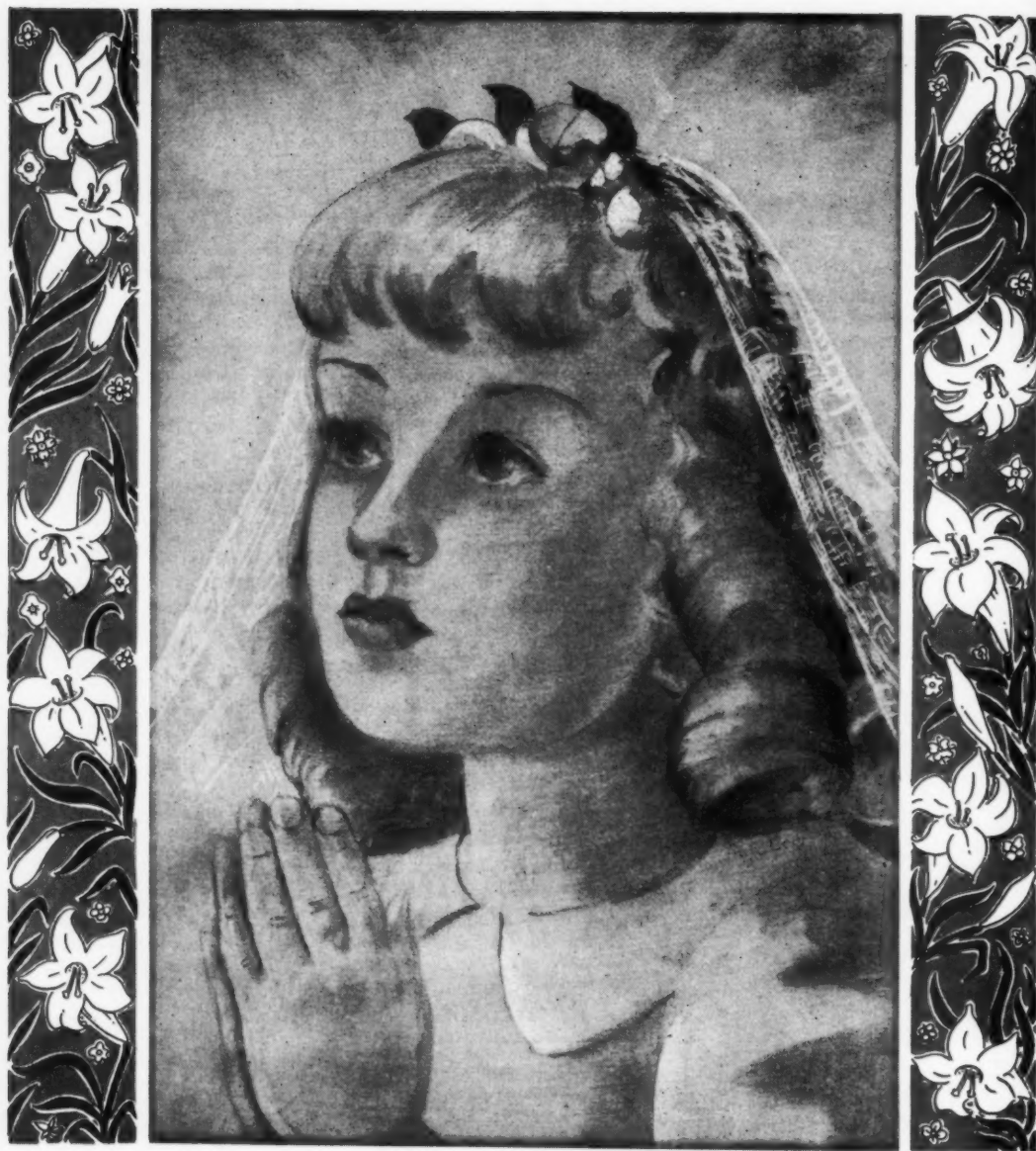
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On June 6, 1901, the Feast of Corpus Christi, little Marietta made her first Holy Communion in the Church of Our Lady of Grace at Nettuno.

of the building adjoining the Goretti's small holding. The two families shared the same kitchen, and were therefore brought into constant intercourse with one another. This 18 year old lad was young in years but old in vice. He was corrupt to the core, and Marietta instinctively feared him and would never remain alone with him.

It happened on the fatal day of July 5, 1902, that Signora Goretti had to absent herself for a short time. Marietta who seemed oppressed by a secret foreboding, said to her with tears in her eyes: "Mamma, do not leave me alone here." The poor mother thought this was only a whim, and, with a reassuring smile she went off with Mariano,

leaving her little daughter by herself in the house. The latter put two year old Teresina to bed and left her two small brothers with Ersilia to amuse themselves by jumping in and out of a cart in the yard. Then she re-entered the kitchen and began to mend a shirt belonging to Alessandro Serenelli. Suddenly this youth came to the kitchen and cried out, "Marietta, come here."

She began at once to tremble like a leaf but replied, "Tell me what you want; otherwise I will not come." For an answer, he sprang at her, caught her by the arm and, as he struggled violently, he threw her on the ground, threatening to kill her with an iron weapon that he had in his hand if she did not let him have his way with her. To all his suggestions the child cried, "No! No! No!" She began to implore him pitifully, saying, "What are you doing Alessandro? You will go to hell!" Then she called her mother but in vain.

The scene lasted only a few minutes but fearing that the child's cries would be heard, Alessandro strove for the last time to overcome her resistance. Then, in a violent excess of frustrated rage, he stabbed her virginal body repeatedly, and fled. Marietta had just enough strength to call out in a weak voice to the murderer's father, "Giovanni, come at once. Alessandro has killed me."

He heard her cry and rushed in. As he was trying to raise the child and staunch the flow of blood, her mother returned and found her little Marietta almost unconscious. She was breathing with great difficulty, and blood was pouring from the 18 wounds that covered her body.

The poor mother, seeing her child in this terrible state, cried out, "O God of Mercy, save my little child!" While the first cares were being bestowed on the innocent victim, Doctor Ernesto Baliva was sent for. He came at once bringing an ambulance in which the dying child was taken to the hospital at Nettuno. The jolting along the roads caused her great pain but she strove to conceal her suffering from her afflicted mother. On reaching the hospital, Marietta was taken at

once to the operating room, but nothing could be done to save the precious life.

She was then carried to her bed and her mother remained by her side. During her long hours of agony the doctors would not allow a single drop of water to pass her lips. She was parched with thirst and said to her mother, "Give me a little drop of water!" But the poor mother was obliged to refuse the request. Again she said, "Is it possible that I may not have a little drop of water?" And once more the broken-hearted mother had to say, "No, Marietta, I am not allowed to give you any."

The Passionist Father, Martino Guijarro, was called to the bedside of the dying child and knowing her great love of Our Lady, he asked if she would like to be made a Child of Mary. With an expression of heavenly joy she assented and after the little ceremony she kissed with great fervour the sodality medal which was afterwards buried with her and which was found on her breast 27 years afterwards, when her body was translated to Nettuno.

The time to administer Holy Viaticum had arrived. But before giving her Holy Communion, the priest asked her: "Marietta, do you forgive your murderer with all your heart?" Marietta nodded her head and said: "Yes, I do forgive him, and I want him to be near me in heaven." Shortly afterwards she lost consciousness but in her delirium she continually cried out. "What are you doing, Alessandro? You will go to Hell!"

Suddenly a radiant smile lit up her countenance and with a gentle sigh her lovely soul left her virginal body. Marietta was with her Lord. It was 3:45 p.m. July 6, 1902. She was just 11 years and 9 months old.


On July 28, 1929, her body was translated to the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Grace, in Nettuno, where a white marble monument, towards which His Holiness Pius X contributed, has been erected to her memory.

And the unfortunate
(Continued on p. 188)



"Marietta, come here."

GOD'S Comedian




THE strifes and arguments of the sixteenth century had accumulated from the extremes of earlier humanistic and pagan culture; the reforms which were to correct them waited on God's patience and man's wilfulness. The world of Europe was scourged with uneasiness and the souls of men palpitated with fear, but not the soul of Philip Neri. His enlarged heart palpitated with love for the Eternal and the finite. He looked at the intellectual and religious carnage round about while his eyes sparkled with the joy of living. The humanists had made a vogue of writing about and practicing the joy of living, but they ended by leading their followers into the discomforts of pagan orgies. With Philip Neri earthly joy meant a jolly, good time as the Christian journeyed along the way of the Lord.

The city of Florence had given to the artistic world of Italy and Europe more than its share of great men, but it never gave so much to the world as it did on July 22, 1515, when Philip Neri was born. In the midst of an art which was showing signs of degeneration into the flamboyant, onto a stage which had been corrupted to confuse the drama with its decorations, a little boy was placed; by his life and works he was destined to do much to change his city, his country and his fellows from unpleasantness and unhappiness to an undreamed peace of mind. When Philip was two years old a German monk of uneasy mind set religion in a dither and it would not recover for centuries. The mature Philip, however, would stand with all the theological pother whirling about his head and keep his heart happy. If we look back a few years before

Philip Neri's birth we can see the fiercely ardent Savonarola at the monastery of San Marco, burning himself and the world in terrible flames, following a fruitless self-consuming effort at reform, hoping in a moment of heroism to overcome the moral erosion of decades. The fervor of Savonarola was in the Florentine air and it may have served a purpose by influencing Philip Neri. At any rate this little boy would soon show a world of cynicism what could be done for good when one gave himself humbly, wittily, and without stint.

The little Philip was a psalm-singing lad; he gathered brothers and sisters and taught them to give a lilt to the praise of God. The only impatience of which he was guilty in a very long life came about when he pushed a companion who had interrupted the singing! From the earliest years the mark of unconventionality was about this boy and it did not depart from him in his old age. He had his own way of doing the right things. Someone showed a sketch of his family tree; he tore it up as a matter of little importance. At the age of sixteen he went to Monte Cassino to assist a cousin in business. He was successful and might have had a partnership. People liked him and he was a good salesman as he would prove again and again in the field of religion. Commercial enterprises, however, were not for Philip Neri. He began to feel an inclination toward the religious life. He was told that he would become the Apostle of Rome. In 1533 he went to the heart of the Christian world without a cent in his pockets. Would he starve? That jolly fellow? Philip quickly drew friends to him and they provided him with shelter.

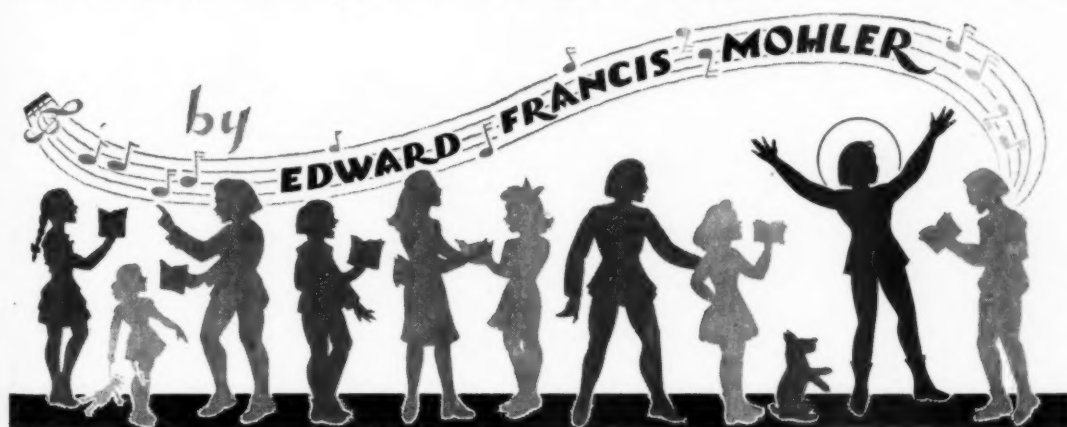
For seventeen years Philip Neri lived in Rome as a layman with no thought of the priesthood. That was not in the young man's early plans. First to school to learn what the great thinkers had set down in philosophy and theology; some practice of Italian and Latin poetry. Then the books were sold and the proceeds given to the poor. In later life Philip Neri would often prove his ability as a thinker, sometimes in the company of the very learned; they respected and loved the humble greatness of one who could use wit and humor toward the elevation and not the debasement of man's spirit.

Soon after his arrival in Rome Philip Neri began a life of personal sacrifice for his neighbors and friends. He took a companion or two and visited the hospitals, jails, factories, and banks. Everyone who came in contact with him underwent a great change. It was easy to see that the servant of all was motivated by a personal concern for his fellows and never did he become professionalized. Ignatius of Loyola came to Rome about this time to correct himself and others; so close was the thought of Ignatius and Philip that many who followed the latter became Jesuits. Most, however, were charmed by Philip's way of life. When the time was ripe they would become Oratorians.

Philip Neri was a jolly, even a comic fellow, living in the midst of the starkest simplicity. Generally his food was bread and water seasoned with a few herbs. His quarters had a military plainness, the smaller the number of articles devoted to personal comfort the better. The young leader of souls was tormented excruciatingly by temptation but like the ineffable St. Thomas Aquinas his soul re-

mained spotless, his mind clear, the fervor intense, his disposition sweetly jolly. The years added to his mirth as they increased his sanctity. A few days before the Pentecost of 1544, in the Catacomb of St. Sebastian, as St. Philip stormed heaven that the Holy Spirit might vouchsafe to endow him with His Gifts, a ball of fire entered Philip's throat and lodged in his breast. On fire from head to foot the supplicant fell to the ground and tore open his clothes. After a time he recovered sufficiently to analyze and understand what had happened to him. His heart had dilated tremendously and to find room for itself had fractured and arched several ribs. Not much discomfort remained after the first experience but to the end of his day Philip Neri was burning though not consumed. Any exercise of spiritual functions thereafter meant that Philip would suffer a terrific palpitation. But he would joke about his infirmity and belittle any interpretation the pious might attach to it.

While he was still a layman Philip began the Congregation of the Holy Trinity to serve the thousands of pilgrims frequenting Rome. But he carried on other works, preaching and making converts. He advocated the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Always he moved in the midst of people, helping them in their physical and mental distresses; but a thought droned through his head about other work and other places. He would be a hermit. In a vision he was told to continue his work in Rome and be a hermit there. His confessor advised him to enter the priesthood and in ready humility he obeyed. Philip Neri preached the need for frequent Confession and Communion. Before dawn he was consulting with penitents in his quarters. When the sun rose he went to the con-



The little Philip was a psalm-singing lad; he gathered brothers and sisters and taught them to give a lilt to the praise of God.

fessional and remained there until noon. Then Mass was said and what remained of the day was devoted to the young men of the city.

Thousands of his fellow citizens soon learned that their Philip Neri was a bright fire at which they might warm both body and soul. Philip thought the fire within him drew him ever nearer to Love Himself. We are told by his biographers that the servers left Philip Neri midway in the Mass and returning several hours later would find the Saint almost in raptures from love of God. It seems this ardent soul was so near to the inner meaning of spiritual triumph that he felt compelled to distract himself in order to complete the external requirements of the Mass!

Philip Neri loved the young because they needed him but also because he did not age spiritually. He concerned himself with their sports, studies, and escapades and proved to their satisfaction that he knew them better than they knew themselves. That, we must grant, was truly an accomplishment! He was never the taskmaster but instead the companion and confidant. Good, and necessary but not romantically impressive work was this constant serving of ordinary men; perhaps the mission fields needed the ardent Philip. Francis Xavier had won tens of thousands to the Church and Philip might do what his friends had done. But again the same answer was given:

he was to remain in Rome. So, on with the work! He built an oratory in which the high and low, the learned and unlearned delighted to gather for the refreshment of their souls. Even members of the laity preached. Hearts were moved and minds convinced, though all about the world was in turmoil. Yes, the work went well. How about earthly rewards? Philip's friend, Nicolo Sfondrata, was elect-

ed to the Papacy and became Gregory XIV. Philip must be a cardinal! With great mental dexterity Philip avoided the honor and went on with his work.

This Saint of the unconventional was, you may be sure, misunderstood. The rigorists, the straitlaced, and the formalists were annoyed at his easy, happy way; they proceeded against him. The critics explained that anyone who made so much fun of himself and provided such enjoyment for others should be investigated. He might be a heretic! For a time the ministry of the Apostle of Rome was under a cloud. But even the most captious were quieted when Gregory

XIII approved the Saint, his associates, and his rule under the title of the Congregation of the Oratory.

Philip Neri regarded good cheer as similar to the cardinal virtues. He took his own life-long infirmities to be the funniest things in the world. He laughed at them. Within he counted them as so

(Continued on p. 192)



On fire from head to foot the supplicant fell to the ground and tore open his clothes.

First ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS of the **B**ible by FRANCIS X. CURRAN, S.J.

KING ALFRED the Great probably said his "Our Father" in the words just quoted. For when the Irish monks of St. Columba and the Roman priests of St. Augustine had reestablished the English Church which had been destroyed by the barbarian invasions, probably their first care was to translate the great Christian prayers into the language of their converts.

Almost eight hundred years, however, elapsed before the appearance of the first complete translation of the Bible into the English tongue. Several obvious reasons explain the apparent tardiness of this translation, which most certainly was not due, as has often been alleged, to a devilish plot of an obscurantist Church to keep the people in ignorance of the Word of God. Until a quite recent date in European history there was absolutely no demand for vernacular versions of the Bible; this fact is recognized by non-Catholic scholars. In medieval days to say that a man could read was practically equivalent to a declaration that he knew Latin: for educated people then used Latin as a second tongue. Medieval men preferred their Scriptures in the words of St. Jerome. Cranmer testifies that even in his XVI Century day, when vernacular Bibles were available, those who could read preferred the Latin Vulgate. Even had the common people been able to read an English Bible, they could not have afforded one. For in the era before the development of cheap paper and the invention of printing, the price of any book, laboriously written by hand on costly vellum or parchment, was prohibitive.

But although vernacular versions of Sacred Scripture simply did not exist in the alleged "Dark

Ages,"—dark only because we know so little about them,—the Bible was scarcely a closed book to the uneducated masses of Europe. The people attended Mass in churches whose fabric was profusely carved with pictures of Biblical events and characters, they heard translations of the Epistles and Gospels read in the Mass, they were addressed by preachers who filled their sermons with quotations and incidents drawn from the Bible. And as in the days of Homer the illiterate Greeks were taught their religion in song, so in the Middle Ages the common man learned the story of the Bible through the versifications of the popular poets.

THE FIRST TRANSLATIONS

Particularly was this true in Anglo-Saxon England, for a very large part of all extant English literature was based directly or indirectly on Holy Writ. Very understandably, the majority of the Anglo-Saxon paraphrases of the Sacred Book have not been preserved to our day. Most of the poems written in the memory of the people were probably never consigned to paper; and of those written down many were destroyed by the passage of time or by the vandal hands of those who ruined the monastic libraries in the days of the Protestant Revolt.

The earliest extant paraphrase was written just a century after Augustine landed in England in the year 597. Though it was long attributed to Caedmon, the "Father of English Song," this first work is now considered the composition of some anonymous poet, whose verses have been augmented by later interpolations. It comprises a free metrical translation of the Books of Genesis, Exodus and

Daniel. A few lines, taken from the command to Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, will illustrate our ancestral language in the days of its youth:

Gewit thu ofestlice,	Abraham, feran,
lastas lecgan,	and the laede mid
thin agen bearn;	thu scealt Isaac me
onsecgan, sunu thinne,	sylf to tibre!

Even more regrettable than many lost paraphrases is the disappearance from history of the translation of the Gospel of St. John by the Venerable Bede (673-735). The testimony of an eye-witness informs us that the great English saint finished his translation on the very day of his death.

THE WORK OF TRANSLATION IS ACCELERATED

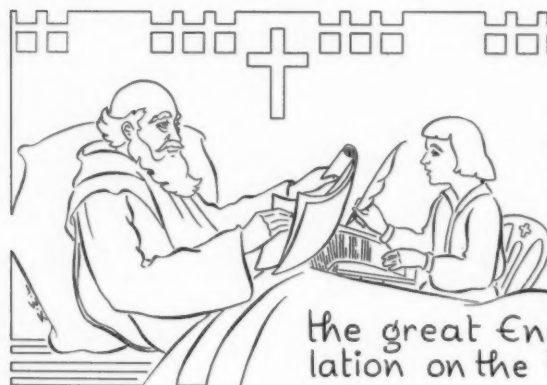
Yet there remain to us, besides several paraphrases and very numerous Biblical citations in the Anglo-Saxon secular literature, a number of

(849-901). A few lines from Psalm xxiii will illustrate the King's English:

Et si ambulavero in medio umbrae mortis,
Theah ic nu gange on midde the sceade deathes,
non timebo mala,
ne uudraede ic nan yfel,
quoniam tu mecum es, Domine.
for tham thu mid me byst, Drithen.

Of slightly later date are several famous glossed Gospels. Possibly the most renowned is the beautiful Durham Book, of Landisfarne Gospels, a manuscript written about the year 700 and glossed about 950, probably by a priest named Aldred. More certainty about the authorship of the Rushworth Gloss, which was composed about the same time. is derived from the brief sentence written at the end of the translation:

Farmen presbyter thas boc thus gleosedede.
(Farmen priest this book thus glossed.)



Even more regrettable than many lost paraphrases is the disappearance from history of the translation of the Gospel of St. John by the Venerable Bede (673-735). The testimony of an eye-witness informs us that the great English saint finished his translation on the very day of his death.....

quite early translations of books of Holy Writ. Throughout the Middle Ages the Book of Psalms was a "best-seller." It was not surprising, therefore, to find that many of these Latin Psalters still exist; and quite a number of them have been equipped with interlinear translations. These translations, known as "glosses," had the limitations of the "trots" beloved of modern schoolboys. While, for example, the phrase *Dominum formidabunt adversarii ejus* should be translated "His enemies shall fear the Lord," the lines in these Psalters would appear:

Dominum formidabunt adversarii ejus.
The Lord shall fear enemies his.

Apparently the earliest of these glosses is that written in the Vespasian Psalter about the year 825. The famous Roman Psalter, reputedly the very book sent by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Augustine, was also glossed in the IX Century. Equally famous is the Paris Psalter, for the gloss on the first fifty Psalms in this book is attributed to no less a translator than King Alfred the Great

Consequent to the revival of learning under Benedictine influence after 960, more scholarly translations of Holy Writ began to make their appearance. The more important extant works are ascribed to two men named Aelfric. The first Aelfric, surnamed Grammaticus (c.955-c.1023) published, besides other works of translation, an English version of the first six books of the Old Testament, the Hexateuch. The second Aelfric (C. 1000) produced a notable translation of the Gospels, of which four XI Century manuscript copies have been preserved. The opening words of the parable of the sower (Mark 55:3,4), will illustrate the language spoken at the end of the first millennium of our era:

Ut eode se saedere his saed to sawenne. And
tha he seow, som feoll with thone weg, and
fugelas comon and hit fraeton.

THE WORK IS HALTED—AND BEGUN ANEW

The complete Anglo-Saxon Bible, the groundwork of which had been laid by these early translations,

was never completed. The work, so well begun, was abruptly terminated by the invasion of England in 1066 by William the Conqueror. A new language was imposed on the people of Albion. But as the Norman, French of the conquerors and the Anglo-Saxon of the conquered began to merge into a new English tongue, the work of Biblical translation was renewed.

As in the days following the spiritual conquest of Augustine and Columba, the first works produced were metrical paraphrases of the Sacred Scriptures. The most notable extant composition is the *Ormulum*, named after its author Orm (or Ormin) which appeared about the year 1200, and which contained in 20,000 verses the story of forty Gospels said at Mass. Large numbers of citations and translations of brief passages of Holy Writ appear in the prose works of the period, notably the *Ancoren Riwe* (c. 1237), a rule for religious women, and the *Cursor Mundi* (c. 1300), a metrical recounting of Bible history.

As the new English language received ever wider acceptance in the XIV Century, the work of translation was accelerated. There are extant, from the first half of that century, many paraphrases, some notable Psalter glosses, a translation of the Apocalypse, and several translations of the Epistles and the Acts. The most renowned translator of the times was the mystic of Hampole, Richard Rolle (c.1300-1349). His "Commentary on the Psalter" followed a pattern common at the time; to each verse of the Vulgate an English translation was appended, and a short exegesis of the verse was added. His volume which was standard for the following century was the basis for the translation of the Book of Psalms in the first complete English Bible.

THE WORK IS CROWNED WITH SUCCESS

At the end of the XIV Century the seed planted

by the early translators of the Bible and carefully tended through long centuries by the clergy came to fruition. The complete English Bible appeared, —and, strangely enough, in not one but two full versions. The fluid stage of the English language in that early age is clearly manifested by the juxtaposition of the two translations of those words so familiar to all Christians:

First Version

Oure fadir that art in heuenes,
halowide be thi name,
thi kyngdom come to,
be thiwille done, as in heune so
in erthe,

gif to us this day,
oure brede our
other substance.
and forgyue to us
oure dettis,
as we forgyuen to
oure dettours,
and leede us not
into temptacon.
but delyuer us fro
al euyl.

Second Version.

Oure fadir that art
in heuenes,
thi kyngdoom come
to,
be thi wille don, in
erthe as in
heuens,
gyue to vs this dai
oure breed ouer
othir substaunce.
and forgyue to vs
oure dettis,
as we forgyuen to
oure dettouris,
and lede vs not in
to temptacioun,

but delyuere vs fro yuel.

WHO WAS THE TRANSLATOR?

Even stranger than the fact of two translations appearing at the same time is the fact that the authorship of the two translations is doubtful. For several hundred years, Protestant historians and commentators had been unanimous in attributing the work to John Wyclif and his heretical followers, the Lollards. The story of Wyclif and his times explains how this belief came into being.

THE SOURCE OF THE WYCLIF THEORY

The XIV Century was a very troubled epoch, marked by devastating plague, religious conflict and
(Continued on p. 191)



Chained Bible, early 15th. Century



WHO ELSE WAS LOVED SO MUCH OR WILL BE REMEMBERED SO WELL?—Newsweek

MILLIONS of hearts in every corner of the globe were stricken with poignant sorrow as the news came over the air of the passing of the greatest lyric tenor of our times, John McCormack. The magic voice that could sing so beautifully, so touchingly, would sing no more. But, thanks to Thomas Edison, we can still hear splendid recordings of that marvelous golden voice.

Millions would breathe a prayer for the repose of the soul of the minstrel boy who had enthralled them when he sang *I Hear You Calling Me*, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *Adeste Fideles*, *Mother Machree*, or

Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;

The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from his light wing the bright dew is shaking;

Then Kathleen, mavourneen, why slumbering still?

Oh! hast thou forgotten, this day we must sever?

Or hast thou forgotten, this day we must part?

It may be for years, and it may be forever!—

Then, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

It may be for years, and it may be forever;—

Then, why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen?

But perhaps, best of all, John would prefer to be remembered singing at the Eucharistic Congress those supernal lines from the pen of Thomas Aquinas set to celestial music by César Franck:

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum:

Dat panis cælicus figuris terminum:

O res mirabilis: manducat Dominum

Pauper, servus, et humilis!

Te trina Deitas unaque poscimus:

Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus:

Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus

Ad lucem, quam inhabitas. Amen.

John Francis McCormack was only sixty-one when he died at his home in Booterstown, a suburb of Dublin, on the night of Sunday, September 16. He had been ill with a heavy cold for about a week. On Friday it was found that it had developed into bronchial pneumonia. With him, when he died, were his wife, *née* Lily Foley, and his only son Cyril, a captain in the Army of Eire. His only daughter Gwen, the wife of Mr. Edward Pike, was unable to reach his bedside in time. Her home is in Kirkham, Lancaster, England.

On September 18th all Ireland paid tribute to the gifted troubadour, who for three decades and more had held the hearts of millions spellbound with simple Irish songs. Thousands could not restrain their tears as they gazed for the last time at his mortal remains, clad in the panoply of a Papal Count. Dignitaries of Church and State were present at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Assumption, among them President of Eire, Sean O'Kelly, and Premier Eamon De Valera. Erin had lost a genuine patriot and the Church, a faithful son.

John McCormack was born on June 14th, 1884, in Athlone, where the famous River Shannon gently flows. He had ten brothers and sisters. Though his parents had little of this world's possessions, John received a good Catholic education. He was bright and studious, winning a scholarship at Sum-



mer Hill College in Sligo. He was so deeply religious that some thought he might go on to study for the priesthood, but John's sweet tenor voice led him to the study of music and singing.

When only nineteen, McCormack won first place honors and a gold medal at a contest in Dublin during the *Feis Coeil*, a festival of Irish music. In 1905, listening to Enrico Caruso sing *La Bohème* in London's Covent Garden, young McCormack learned a lesson that he never forgot: that, no matter how talented a singer might be, no matter how robust his chest, he would still have to work and study. Accordingly, at twenty, John went to Italy, studying voice and music under the best maestros in Milan.

By 1907, he was prepared to make his début in London, in the same Covent Garden Opera House where he had been in the audience hearing Caruso just two years before. John's singing in *Cavalleria Rusticana* by Pietro Mascagni made him instantly hailed as a new star. Further triumph in opera followed, and in 1908 he was honored by a presentation to King Edward VII. On November 10, 1909, he made his début in New York, singing in *La Traviata* by Giuseppe Verdi under the ægis of Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House.

Thus McCormack met with continued success in the field of opera. By 1913 he had begun to concentrate more and more on his work from the concert stage. His heart-touching rendition of simple Irish melodies like *The Meeting of the Waters*, *Let Erin Remember the Days of Old*, *Danny Boy* kept him touring the United States for years. Twice he visited Australia. During World War I he gave generously of his time and talent, singing for the American Red Cross and selling Liberty

Bonds to the extent of half a million dollars. In 1919 McCormack became an American citizen.

It was here in the United States that John reached the heights of popularity. His Victor recordings brought his inimitable voice into every angle of the land. In 1925 he and Lucrezia Bori were among the first top-flight singers to utilize the newly-invented radio for broadcasting. During the years 1912 to 1925 it has been said that just from his concert tours he took in close to five million dollars. What he received for his recordings he never divulged, but the sum undoubtedly ran into staggering figures. In 1929 Twentieth Century-Fox paid him a half-million to appear in a motion picture called *Song O' My Heart* that called for about a dozen songs from him. "The son of the poor mill hand of Athlone had become a multimillionaire, most likely the world's wealthiest singer.

Such wealth never turned John McCormack's head. It gave him an opportunity to give unstintingly to worthy causes. His benefactions were countless. He was especially interested in young singers and musicians struggling as he once had to do for education and recognition. Few know that McCormack was an expert pianist and violinist himself. Just before he died, he was arranging for a recording contract with Victor for his young protégé, Christopher Lynch, a tenor from County Limerick, who, many think, will soon be hailed as John's successor.

Of his charities McCormack preferred to say little. Instead he liked to relate that he had three great goals in life, reasons for making money. They were (1) to buy a shiny Rolls-Royce car, (2) to be the proud owner of a painting by Frans Hals,

the Dutch artist, and (3) to own a horse that won the British Derby. He was able to do the first two, but he never won the Derby, though, as he

said, "it nearly broke him trying."

In 1936 John McCormack gave his last concert tour in America. It was his farewell. But America did not want him to say good-by. His concerts were extended into 1937. The next year he was in England for his last concerts, singing his final adieu to London in the Royal Albert Hall. Some were astonished that he even thought of quitting, for his voice still retained much of its youthful vigor and charm. But John had always said that he would stop singing at a time when folks would ask him why he retired and not why he didn't quit.

Still when World War II came, McCormack could not resist singing for the British Red Cross. Last summer, when he was giving Red Cross benefit concerts in England, his health broke under the strain and his medical advisers ordered him to go back to his home in Ireland for rest. At this time he is quoted as giving this explanation for break-



In 1929 Twentieth Century Fox paid him a half million to appear in a motion picture called "Song O' My Heart."

ing off the tour: "It wasn't my voice that gave out, but my bellows were exhausted. I must have put them out of kilter from holding those long notes."

Innumerable honors were showered upon this genial artist during his lifetime. His staunch faith, his unflinching good nature, his kindness caused him to be idolized everywhere. He was recognized as an outstanding Catholic by Pope Benedict XV, who conferred on him the honor of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory. In 1931 Pope Pius XI made him a Commander of the Holy Sepulchre and bestowed upon him the Grand Cross. Further accolades came to him: he became a Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword to the Supreme Pontiff, a Knight Commander of Malta, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Holy Cross College gave him a doctorate of literature and the National University of Ireland, a doctorate in music. Few artists in life have met with such success and so many honors as John McCormack, but at heart he ever remained the same smiling Irish lad who swam in the River Shannon that flows by Athlone.

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



IT was about six o'clock the next morning when Francisco suddenly stirred from a fitful sleep, raised himself in bed and pointed toward the door. His eyes were shining.

"Oh, Mother! Look at the beautiful light!"

At once Olimpia Marto was at her son's side. "I don't see any light, Francisco. Where is it?"

The youngster pointed again. "See? Near the door. Oh, how beautiful it is..."

Olimpia looked once more, but saw nothing unusual. Then a moment later the boy gave a deep sigh and settled back on his pillow. "The light's gone, Mother. I don't see it now."

Believing that her little son was about to fall into a healthful slumber, Olimpia smiled understandingly, gave him an affectionate pat, and slipped from the room. As she did so, Francisco's godmother entered. Seeing her, the boy stretched out his hands.

"I'm sorry for all the bad things I ever did," he murmured. "Really and truly, godmother."

The latter nodded kindly and came over to sit beside the bed. "Try to rest now," she whispered. "That's the only way to become strong and well."

But even as she spoke, something in the child's face caused the good woman to lean forward anxiously. Of a sudden her little godson seemed so

peaceful... so happy... so still! Surely it couldn't be...

"Olimpia!" she cried. "Olimpia, come here!"

At once Francisco's mother came running, but it was too late. Her youngest boy was just breathing his last. And without a doubt he was seeing something truly beautiful as he gave up his soul to God, for the smile upon his lips was not of this world.

Tears streaming down her face, Olimpia threw herself upon her knees beside the bed and for several minutes gave free vent to her grief. Francisco had died! On April 4, 1919, two months short of his eleventh birthday, he had gone home to God! But as her husband and other children came hurrying into the room, their faces pale, their throats choked with sobs, a strange peace flooded the grieving mother's heart.

"The Blessed Virgin was here when Francisco died!" she burst out suddenly. "I'm sure of it!"

Manuel Marto was sure of it, too, and for a long moment stood looking down at his wife, at the still figure of his little son. Then he pulled a rosary from his pocket and slowly got to his knees. Tears were streaming down his cheeks also, tears which he made no effort to hide.

"May God have mercy on the lad!" he sobbed. "And may He spare us our little Jacinta for a long time yet..."

Alas for the father's heartfelt prayer! As the April days succeeded one another and spring flowers studded the many new graves in Fatima's churchyard, Jacinta's health gave cause for real alarm. Like Francisco, she had been stricken with influenza around Christmas time. Slowly she had recovered, but only to be attacked by a new ailment. In her weakened condition she had fallen victim to a severe form of pleurisy. An abscess had formed in her side, and now there were many days when every breath was like a sharp swordthrust.

"Before very long I'll be in heaven with Francisco," the little girl confided to Lucia one afternoon when the latter had returned from a hard and lonely day at school. "Then your work will begin."

"My work?"

"Yes. Oh, surely you haven't forgotten! Why, you're to make people understand that Our Lord wants to establish in the world the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary!"

Lucia shifted uncomfortably. "That's right. The lady did tell me that."

"Yes. And listen. You mustn't run away any more when people come and ask you questions. Tell everyone that God grants graces through the Immaculate Heart of Mary and that they mustn't be shy about asking her for them."

"But *strangers*, Jacinta! You know how they've always bothered us! Why, Francisco often hid under the bed when they came asking for him!"

At this, a strangely wise look crept into the eyes of the nine-year-old girl, a look which was made possible by the floods of heavenly grace filling her soul. "Don't you know that our comfort doesn't matter?" she asked. "What does matter is that Our Lord wants to have His Heart and the Immaculate Heart of His Mother honored together. Your work is to tell people this."

Lucia nodded soberly, recalling what the lady had said on her second visit in the Cova. "I suppose you're right. And when people want to know how to stop the war..."

"You're to tell them to ask for this favor in the name of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. After all, Our Lord has placed the peace of the world in her keeping."

Lucia's eyes glowed with reverent wonder as she regarded her little cousin. "How I wish you could stay here and help me with these messages!" she exclaimed fervently. "Oh, Jacinta! I'm going to be so lonely when you leave me for heaven..."

The latter nodded with an understanding far beyond her years. "Yes. But you'll offer your loneliness for sinners and that way many of them

will be saved. Oh, Lucia! Surely there's no better work than this—helping to keep men and women out of that terrible place!"

As always, there was real conviction in the little girl's voice when she spoke of hell. Never had she forgotten the dreadful vision which she and her companions had been granted on the occasion of the lady's third visit. Now, two years later, she could still tremble at the mere thought of it. Indeed, when she was strong enough to talk, she frequently chose hell as a topic of conversation between Lucia and herself.

"The people in hell—don't they ever come out, Lucia?"

"No."

"Not even after many, many years?"

"No. Hell never comes to an end."

"And it's the same in heaven? Those who go to heaven really stay there always?"

"That's right. Heaven and hell are eternal. They never end."

"But don't the souls burning in hell turn to ashes? Don't they stop suffering some time?"

"No. They suffer forever and ever."

"If we pray very hard for the people in hell, will Our Lord let them come out?"

"No. The souls in hell never come out. Nor the souls in heaven. They stay where they are for all eternity."

These truths were so overpowering that Jacinta could scarcely bear to consider them! *Eternity!* How impossible it was to grasp! And to think that she, or any other person living in the world, could help to decide whether people would be happy in it forever or would go to hell to suffer the torments of the damned!

"Because it's true that even children can help sinners win the grace to go to heaven by praying and suffering for them," she told herself. "Or we can leave them alone and not bother about what happens. But how unkind that would be... and how terrible for the poor sinners and their families..."

Ever since the lady's third visit, Jacinta had grown in the grace of loving souls. Thus, she gladly wore the piece of rough rope about her waist, went without her lunch on many days, refrained from drinking cold water—offering up the suffering in satisfaction for the sins of those too lazy or careless to do penance for themselves. And she encouraged Francisco and Lucia to do the same. But when the influenza struck in December, 1918, such mortifications had to cease. Now that she was ill, it was no longer right to deprive herself of food and water. As for the rope about her waist...

"Take it and hide it for me," she told Lucia. "I don't want Mother to see it. If I get better you can give it back to me."

The older girl nodded. She had already performed a similar service for Francisco. But soon after his death she realized that neither would Jacinta ever wear the painful rope again. The pleurisy which had attacked her following the influenza was steadily growing worse.

"Oh, I wish you didn't have to suffer this way!" she cried one May day when she was permitted to visit briefly with her beloved cousin. "Jacinta, isn't there anything I can do to help?"

Gasping painfully for breath, the little patient shook her head. "No. And don't worry about me. I've... I've had some wonderful news."

"What?"

"I'm going to make my First Communion!"

"No!"

"Yes. And now that Our Lord is coming, nothing matters, Lucia. Not anything!"

"But the suffering must be so terrible..."

"Yes. But it's for souls, remember. And I'm sure it's helping someone, somewhere..."

Undoubtedly God's mercy was allowing the merits of Jacinta's heroic charity to be applied to sinners, in Portugal and elsewhere. Certainly the names of Jacinta Marto and Lucia dos Santos were now famous throughout the country, and crowds flocked to the homes of the two little girls, to Francisco's humble grave, eager for favors and prayers. By now the little

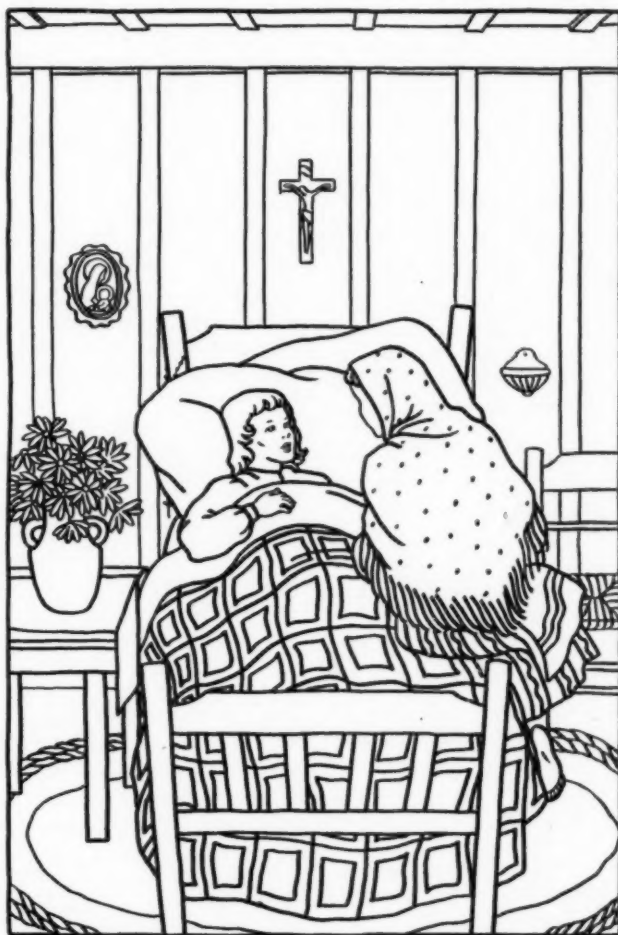
chapel in the Cova which the lady had asked to have erected in her honor was completed, and every day—on their way to and from the Marto and dos Santos houses—pilgrims were to be seen there offering five or more decades of the Rosary. Nor were these pilgrims always from far-away places. Many were residents of Fatima and the neighboring countryside, for no longer was there anyone in the district who scoffed at the apparition in the sheep pasture. Indeed, in every home for miles around the Rosary was now offered with true devotion as the regular family prayer.

"It was really the Blessed Virgin who appeared to the children," the countryfolk agreed. "She told them to tell us to say the Rosary every day, and properly, so that she can give us many blessings. Well, we need these blessings. And of course we

don't want to disobey the Mother of God."

How happy Jacinta was when she heard that friends and neighbors were learning to know and love the Rosary as never before! That because of this wonderful prayer, the spiritual tone of the whole village of Fatima had been raised and strengthened! And how her heart rejoiced when she discovered that friends and neighbors also said the prayer which the lady had taught on the occasion of her second visit—the prayer which was to follow the *Gloria* at the end of each mystery of the Rosary:

"Oh, my Jesus, forgive us our sins! Save us from the fires of hell. Release the Holy



"Take it and hide it for me."

Souls from purgatory, especially those whom everyone has forgotten!"

"People are saying some of our other prayers, too," Lucia announced on the day following Jacinta's First Communion. "I've heard them."

Her heart still overflowing with the happiness of Our Lord's recent visit, Jacinta looked up eagerly. "Which prayers?"

"*'My God, I love You because of the graces which You have given me.'*"

"Yes, and what else do they say?"

"*'Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation.'*"

"And the offering before making a sacrifice for sinners—do they make that, too?"

"Yes. And they include the Holy Father now, just as we do."

"Oh, I love that prayer!" whispered Jacinta, her eyes shining. "It has so much in it. Let's say it together, shall we?"

So the two little cousins began to utter the familiar words which the lady had taught them so long ago: "*Oh, my Jesus, I offer this for the love of Thee, for the conversion of sinners, for the Holy Father and in reparation for all the wrongs done to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.*"

Poor Jacinta! As the days passed, there were many occasions to make this offering. But a month after her First Communion there arrived an opportunity for suffering that really surpassed all the others. Then it was that Manuel and Olimpia Marto decided that their little girl should leave Fatima and go to Saint Augustine's Hospital in Ourem. There was a chance that regular medical treatments would cure the painful abscess in her side.

Dedicated though she was to suffering for sinners, nine-year-old Jacinta could hardly bear to think on the ordeal awaiting her. To go to Ourem,

the town where she and her two playmates had once spent five terrible days in prison—this could never be a pleasant experience. But to go to the hospital there. . . .

"When the lady visited Francisco and me, she said that I'd die in a hospital," the little one faltered when Lucia came to see her on her way home from school. "And she said I'd die alone. Oh, I can hardly bear that!"

"But the lady's coming to take you to heaven!" the older girl hastened to remind her, with a cheerfulness she did not really feel. "Surely this'll make up for everything! And just think! In heaven you'll see Francisco again!"

Face to face with the great sacrifice of saying good-bye to her best friend, Jacinta twisted uneasily. "Yes, of course. But if you could only come with me to Ourem! If you could only be with me when I die. . . ."

Lucia shook her head. "I guess that can't be," she muttered, and suddenly blinding tears sprang to her eyes. Jacinta was suffering terribly, of course. And it would be very hard for her to have to die alone in the hospital. But what of Lucia herself? When Jacinta was reunited with Francisco in heaven and the joys of Paradise were hers to enjoy forever, Lucia would be still suffering on earth. She would be quite alone then, for with Jacinta gone there would be no one in the whole world with whom she could talk freely about the lady, the various visions, the work she had been given to do in spreading devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Slowly she knelt down beside her little cousin's bed. "I think we'd better say the prayer again," she whispered. "This is such a great sacrifice. . . ."

(To be continued)

Marietta Goretti

(Continued from p. 175)

criminal Alessandro Serenelli? Had he been 21 years of age, he would have paid the death penalty for his crime, but as he was only 18 he was condemned to penal servitude for 30 years, of which 3 were remitted on account of his good behaviour in prison.

The prayers of his innocent little victim obtained for him true repentance. The grace of God touching his heart he openly confessed his crime and humbly begged the forgiveness of the bereaved mother and family.

In a newspaper article published on July 8, 1931, we read that many graces have already been obtained through the intercession of Marietta Goretti, who was named by Pius X "the little Agnes of the 20th century," and the cause of whose Beatification has been introduced in Rome, with Alessandro Serenelli as chief witness.

On Low Sunday, 1945, Our Holy Father the Pope, Pius XII proclaimed Marietta to be a Martyr and bestowed on her the title of Venerable.

Our Reading Room

A CANADIAN MYSTIC

by a Religious of the Precious Blood

J. J. Little and Ives Co.
New York, N. Y.

Upon the first perusal of *A Canadian Mystic* one is tempted to ask, "Why so little about mysticism?" However, the author, who is a spiritual daughter of Mother Catherine Aurelie Caouette, is modest enough not to make the extraordinary stand out too much, and still gives the reader the realization, by the time that the book has been read through, that Mother Catherine Aurelie is truly a great mystic.

The book is very practical for our times, for it stresses some points which are needed very much now-days. We all agree that reparation for the forgetfulness of God and for the practices of impiety are needed now. Mother Aurelie, in her sufferings, shows how this reparation is being made by a God-loving soul. And although very few can ever imitate her blood-shedding and ecstasies, still her fidelity, constancy, generosity, can be a lesson for everyone. Who will read the book and not be willing to see that suffering has a place in every Christian's life?

Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B.

THE GREAT DIVORCE.

by C. S. Lewis

The Macmillan Co. New York.
Price \$1.50.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee," said St. Augustine centuries ago, and so also in substance says C. S. Lewis in his

latest book *The Great Divorce*. Up to now this prolific author has been best known for his remarkable *Screwtape Letters*.

In *The Great Divorce* Lewis employs, in subtle symbolism, the literary dream device to present the imagined story of the occupants of Hell and their activities during a short period.

It seems that these residents of the nether region are characterized by their restlessness and constant quarreling. This restlessness through the countless centuries has resulted in their moving farther and farther away from each other, so far, in fact, that it required several thousand years for a visit to Napoleon. In no case does the pain inflicted consist of the proverbial fire. Napoleon's walking up and down, to and fro, for all eternity is his punishment. In picturing an actual person in Hell, Lewis has borrowed a page from Dante, who delighted in placing certain Church dignitaries in his Inferno.

The principal story of *The Great Divorce* centers about the privilege of the condemned or "Ghosts" as Lewis calls them to take an excursion by special omnibus to the borderline of Heaven. Further, if they so wish, and fulfill the necessary obligations they may attain Heaven and remain there. The "Bright People," who are the elect and who have known the unfortunate on earth, meet their friends at the border and attempt to persuade their acquaintances to change their ways. The condition of entrance demands some form of renunciation but the incompatibility between Heaven and

Hell in all cases except one proves an insurmountable obstacle.

The theologian, the nagging wife, the possessive mother, the vain and the others of a similar hue are so imbued with their pet vices that they are blinded to reality. In the end, still possessed of a free will, the ultimate answer remains unaltered. As in life, so in death.

Yes—black is black and white is white. There can be no compromise. It might well be applied to this age which is so ready to condone materialism and expediency, for Lewis demonstrates here quite convincingly that the marriage of good and evil will never transpire.

Ray Wargel

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

by Father John Hugo,

The Catholic Worker, N. Y.

Price \$0.25, 134 pages.

Dorothy Thompson prefaced her column recently with this observation: "Pontius Pilate's remark, 'what is truth?' might be paraphrased into, 'What is peace?' Peace is perhaps truth." The hesitancy with which she attempts to define peace is indicative, also in her case, of that clouded state of thought which is quite general today. Another symptom of the bad way in which the world finds itself today is that much is said about peace, whereas so little is done about it. This booklet by Fr. Hugo wishes to counteract both these symptoms.

You will find in the booklet first of all much about the Catholic theory of peace. He draws a beautiful picture of the Christian ideal of charity

and peace, distinguishing between true and false peace, showing the way to interior peace and social peace. He shows what a distance there is between the human and natural ideas of peace so current among people today and the ideals of Christian charity. He completes this picture by a beautiful chapter on Mary, the Immaculate Queen of Peace.

Fr. Hugo points out, too, the necessity of each one doing something about this ideal unless it is to remain a mere theory. Peace will never come unless one starts to foster peace in his own heart and sphere of action. Here he has the theory, novel in our day, of each one's obligation to be a pacifist, a conscientious objector. Peace at any price would be his solution of the question. It is quite evident that such a theory jars on the present state of Catholic mentality. Furthermore, he finds it very hard to show that the teaching Church of

today would require anything so drastic as that. His thesis indeed would appear to be more "Catholic" than the Catholic Church.

The merit of the book, therefore, is not in this too severe theory but rather in the material he offers to show the peace-loving character of a true Christian. Outside of licit self-defense peace is a true obligation. *William Walker, O.S.B.*

CLEAN OBLATION

by Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.
Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul, Minn. \$2.75.

Here we have a book which as its title indicates treats of the Mass as an oblation or sacrifice. The Mass is a clean oblation or offering in contrast with all the sacrifices which could be offered to God by mere men. The author takes up this theme in a masterly way and discusses it from a threefold viewpoint. He considers it first as Christ's personal sacrifice, and brings out the connection between Christ's oblation at the Last Supper and His offering on the cross. Then secondly He considers the Mass as offered by

Christ's representatives today and brings out the identity of their offering with that of Christ. This is followed by some practical investigations concerning the fruits of the Mass.

The twenty-five chapters of the book first appeared as contributions to *Emmanuel*, a Eucharistic magazine for priests. Priests therefore should especially be glad to have the studies in this handy book form. Then it may be particularly recommended for seminarians, for Sisters and anyone who seeks to know the deeper meaning of the Holy Eucharist.

The book reveals Father Forrest as a real theologian. He is to be congratulated on his clear reasoning and his devotion to the Tradition of the Church. By clear analysis he knows how to settle the dust of opposing theories and to get down to the simplicity of truth. His book will give the casual reader a real taste of theology, and perhaps he will feel encouraged to seek more of this nutritious meat of the spiritual life. "Leaving the elementary teaching concerning Christ, let us pass on to things more perfect" (Heb. 6:1).

William Walker, O.S.B., S.T.D.

ROCK CARVINGS THE WORLD OVER

(Continued from p. 168)

on rocks, but on bones, animals' teeth, reindeer antlers, and even on rough pieces of flint. Caves which man inhabited ages ago, have yielded a great deal of material of this nature.

Primitive man knew that his very life depended on the quality of flint in his tools. At Spiennes, Belgium, there is evidence to show that these Neolithic miners, the earliest in the world, dug through ten beds of poor flint, leaving them untouched, before they reached a superior layer which satisfied them. Equipped with deer horns for picks, and the shoulder blades of large animals for shovels, they sank their shafts to a depth of thirty feet and sometimes more, lighting their way through the dark galleries with lamps hollowed out of chalk and wicks fed by melted grease. Such lamps have been found in the mines, one of which rested on a ledge in the proper position to throw light on the spot to be worked when the miner was overtaken by probable tragedy.

Flint workings have been found in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas, and a flint quarry was in operation at West Coxsackie, near Albany, N.Y. Arthur Parker, a full-blood Seneca Indian, who at the time of its discovery was State Archaeologist, thinks that it was worked ten thousand years ago.

A rubbish heap which had lain unnoticed for centuries, revealed many fragments of weapons and implements that the early tribes had discarded; and such a casual thing as a walk through the woods in the vicinity, shuffling one's feet through the deep layers of rotting leaves, upturned quantities of artifacts in perfect condition.

Many cliffs that are thickly scored with petroglyphs doubtless exist, all unsuspected, for many of the characters are only faintly visible from time and weathering. The archaeologist feels justified in whitewashing or chalking the outlines, so that they can be studied to better advantage. Some of the coloring materials known to the ancients were red chalk, black lead, ocher, cinnabar, and manganese. A grinder made of a pebble reduced a substance to powder.

Man today, is given to carving initials and designs on outdoor surfaces, not with the same purpose that prompted the pictographs, however. Tulane University has a whittling bench where students can carve their initials and tender sentiments without mutilating furniture. The United States Forest Service has installed "carving logs" in the north-central region, so that trees and structures will be spared by those who feel the ancient urge to perpetuate in letters and symbols the things which occupy his attention most.

The Early English Bible

(Continued from p. 181)

secular war. The horrible Black Plague ravaged Europe in mid-century; it destroyed almost half the population of England in 1348-1349, and revisited the country in 1361 and 1369. The Hundred Years' War between France and England began in 1337 and was waged intermittently until 1453. Savage peasant rebellions were savagely repressed: —the French Jacquerie in 1358 and Wat Tyler's Revolt in England in 1381.

The prestige of the Papacy was at its nadir. The Babylonian Captivity, the years when the Popes abandoned Rome and lived in the French town of Avignon, lasted from 1305 to 1378. The Great Western Schism, when pious Catholics did not know which of two (and finally three claimants was the true Pope, followed immediately thereafter (1378-1417). The authority of the Papacy was further undermined by conflicts with the rulers of Europe and by the subversive theories of such men as William of Occam and Marsilius of Padua. Particularly in England was anti-Papal feeling strong, for patriotic Englishmen viewed with suspicious eye the Chair of St. Peter established on French soil and occupied by Frenchmen.

The low estate to which the Papacy had fallen permitted the dissemination of two heretical theories which were to come to full fruition in subsequent centuries. Men began to seek supreme religious authority, not in a decrepit Papacy, but in ecumenical councils or in the infallible Word of God. The full force of the Conciliar Theory was met and conquered by the Church in the XV Century. The appeal to Holy Writ as the supreme and sole religious authority was used by greedy men of the XVI Century to shatter the unity of Christendom, in the so-called Protestant Reformation.

WYCLIF AND THE LOLLARDS

John Wyclif (c.1324-1384) was the foremostponent of the new Biblical heresy in England. Nor was this Oxford professor content with merely the one heresy; he attacked all religious authority, advocated the complete subjugation of the Church to the civil power, and finally denied the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. He disseminated his theories through the operations of his "poor priests," a group composed chiefly of laymen, who wandered about England exciting ignorant peasants by violent diatribes against all authority and property rights. These seeds of chaos produced a crop of Lollards (the word is derived from the medieval Latin term "lollium," meaning cockle), and the first harvesting was the peasants' rebellion of 1381.

The suspicion connecting Wyclif with Wat Tyler's Rebellion cost him the protection of the power-

ful anti-Papal nobles headed by John of Gaunt, the influential Duke of Lancaster; and Wyclif's attack on the Holy Eucharist lost him his popularity. In 1381 he was condemned as a heretic by his University, and later by an ecclesiastical court. He retired from Oxford and spent the remaining two years of his life in seclusion. His followers at Oxford, attracted by Wyclif's theories on a purely academic plane, but disillusioned by their working out in practise, recanted, to a man, Wyclif's doctrines.

THE WYCLIF THEORY IS FORMULATED—AND REVISED

Throughout the XV Century the term "Lollard" was used as freely and as indiscriminately in England as the word "Fascist" in America today. It was the customary thing to attribute all unorthodox anonymous writings of the times to the Lollards or their heresiarch. When the religious rebels of the XVI Century, well indoctrinated by the earliest Protestant propaganda "line,"—"The Church the foe of the Bible,"—were confronted by a complete English Bible, which was in existence a generation before the Protestant Revolt, they seized upon the term "Lollard" and attributed the authorship to Wyclif, the "Morning Star of the Reformation."

Until the middle of the XIX Century, the whole translation was considered the work of Wyclif himself. Then it was discovered that not one, but two versions existed, that the second edition was apparently a revision of the first, and that the earlier version was the work of at least two authors. The original Wyclif theory was jettisoned. The revised hypothesis claimed: The first "Wyclif" Bible was published about 1380-1384; the Old Testament was translated by Nicholas of Hereford (who, by the way, recanted), and the New Testament was the work of Wyclif himself. The second version, which appeared about 1388-1397 or even later, was an edition revised by John Purvey (who also recanted).

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE WYCLIF THEORY

Possibly the Lollards produced partial translations of the books of Holy Scripture. But the evidence concerning the extant "Wyclif" Bibles indicates that they were not Lollard but orthodox Catholic translations of Holy Writ. No single copy of the 170 manuscripts of these versions which remain to us has been traced to a possessor of distinct Lollard opinions. We know that, although the Oxford Constitutions of 1408 forbade anyone, under penalty of excommunication, to translate the Bible or even to possess or read a vernacular Scripture until it had been reviewed by his Bishop, the great majority of the alleged "Wyclif" Bibles were written between 1420 and 1450. These Bibles were

certainly submitted to episcopal censors, for they were possessed, not only by laymen, but by bishops, priests, nuns, religious houses and churches. There is no record that any of the extant manuscripts were ever condemned, or that such condemnations were ever attempted. Had these Bibles been known or even suspected as Lollard translations, it is certain that they would have been delated, if not condemned.

THE THEORY OF CATHOLIC AUTHORSHIP

The internal evidence indicates that the translations should be attributed to Catholic authorship. Cardinal Gasquet, whose testimony no one can lightly impugn, asserts that he found no unorthodoxy in either version or in the General Prologue prefixed to the second translation. There is some probability that Nicholas of Hereford, who ended his days as a Carthusian monk, contributed to the earlier version. But modern Protestant scholars have been forced to admit that Wyclif most probably did not contribute to the translation and that no proof exists to demonstrate Purvey's connection with the second edition.

Further we have, from the century subsequent to

the appearance of the English Bible, the testimony of such disparate witnesses as Saint Thomas More, the Anglican Archbishop Cranmer and the Protestant propagandist John Foxe that orthodox Catholic Bibles were in existence before Wyclif's times; and More asserted that he had seen approved Catholic vernacular Bibles,—possibly the very ones now ascribed to the Lollards,—in the hands of Catholic lay people. While the testimony of these and other men is impugned,—and More is given especially harsh treatment,—this fact is obvious: Englishmen of the XVI Century believed that an orthodox Catholic translation of the Bible had long been in existence. What other inference can be drawn but that the Bible so long ascribed to Wyclif, a Bible which was perfectly orthodox, a Bible which had received the approval of Catholic Bishops, a Bible which was possessed, read and cited by Catholic clergy and laity, was nothing more or less than an approved Catholic translation?

To that Church which had brought the Bible to the English people and which for eight hundred years had instructed them in the precious truths contained in Holy Writ must go the credit, not only for the multitudinous earlier translations, but for the complete vernacular version of the XIV Century.

God's Comedian

(Continued from p. 178)

many blessings, precious means on the road to perfection. In the later years of a long life Philip's illnesses were frequent; these seemed not burdens added to an aged body but encouraging pats on the shoulder from the Master.

In an age of reform Philip believed in reform but he had a personal way of achieving what contemporaries planned on a large scale. He helped the individual to reform from within through the sacraments, prayer, mortification; he did not favor restrictions placed without. Philip worked quietly, naturally, humorously with all sorts of people, introducing them to the ascetical life. He had found much happiness and peace in a world incapable of understanding peace and happiness; his mission in Rome was to show others how to find what he had found in the midst of confusions and scandals.

Philip Neri conquered men's souls for God with a song, a joke, a dance or a quip when learned theologians belabored their contemporaries with argument and expert legalists labored mightily to assure the form of reform. He belongs in the interesting company of such as Ignatius Loyola, Catherine of Siena, and his blood-brother of modern times, Cardinal Newman.

The Florentine seeker for men's souls made amends for those other Florentines who had captured men's bodies; he loved God and man, they had loved man. Philip's heart burst forth through its encompassing ribs to meet, as it were, both Creator and creature, palpitating furiously at each spiritual act. The Renaissance artists talked of "the divine fire"; but Philip knew the glow and the throb within was meant not for him alone but for others; he showed them the Divine Fire and they were comforted.

Sadness, depression and discouragement fill the world about us even as we vaingloriously talk and will national and international reform. Some evil spirit has deceived us, turned us away from personal reform. A good companion and friend awaits us in the burning person of St. Philip Neri. In a far sorrier age than ours—the sixteenth—century he was God's comedian, vibrating with a visible mirth, plucking from his sanctified breast the grins and chuckles needed to soften the blows of an inconsiderate world. A man who literally burst with love of God, who had such good times being merry—he is the man we need when the world is filled with hate and few are happy.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

My brother had arthritis in both hands and feet. He says through the intercession of Brother Meinrad he is now much better. R.N. (Mo.)

I am very glad to report that a favor was granted to me in a few days. L.C.R. (Mo.)

We have all been praying to Brother Meinrad since my cousin started us off. He was most dear to our prayers also. A cousin suffered a heart attack at 6 A.M. I placed a relic of Br. Meinrad under his pillow that God would save him till his son came in from the Pacific as he was due that day. The son arrived at noon and his dad lived till seven in the evening. M.K.L. (N.Y.)

Brother Meinrad has been so very good to us. It seems the prayer is scarcely formed and uttered when we feel his powerful help. P.F.M. (Pa.)

Please accept this check as a gift in appreciation for favor received through Brother Meinrad. R.J.M. (Ida.)

Please take this in acknowledgment for a favor granted me through prayers to Brother Meinrad. F.C.E. (Ind.)

I requested a good position for my son who had been in the service. He received a position before the ninth day of the novena. A.P. (N.Y.)

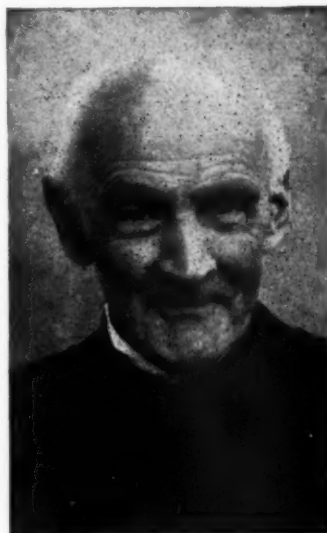
I suffered a nervous breakdown and had to take medicine to get to sleep. Now I can sleep from 9 to 4. Please publish my thanks to Brother Meinrad and St. Ann. J.V. (Ind.)

Please publish my heartfelt thanks for special favors received which I thought were impossible. P.J. (Ind.)

I had a wonderful favor granted me because of my faith in Brother Meinrad. Please say a Mass for his glorification. R.C. (N.Y.)

I carried picture of Br. Meinrad to operating room and promised Mass and publication in the Grail if the operation was a success. It was. T.W. (Ala.)

I promised Brother Meinrad a Mass if he granted me a very special favor. The favor was granted. M.D. (Ohio)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

I am enclosing a slight offering in thanks to Brother Meinrad for many favors received through his intercession. F.E.G. (Conn.)

We prayed for my brother's recovery from a serious illness. He promised publication. J.M. (Ind.)

I was successful in buying a home through prayer to Brother Meinrad. S.K. (Pa.)

Thanks for a favorable report from a surgeon after a very serious operation. M.L.C. (N.J.)

In less than ten minutes after praying to Brother Meinrad I found a check I had lost. M.E. (La.)

My daughter was able to locate a home in the city and to maintain her rights to it even when more liberal offers were made to the owners. A.W. (Ky.)

Please publish thanks for four favors from Brother Meinrad, two for me and two for friends. D.B. (Ark.)

There was danger of fire spreading during the night and I promised Brother Meinrad to use his stamps if he lowered the blaze. A heavy dew descended and extinguished the blaze. M.H.McK. (Fla.)

An ulcer on my leg has been cured through prayer to Br. Meinrad. A.B. (La.)

I have had all my teeth pulled and have had new ones. In all this I have had no pain and have had no trouble at all in wearing my new teeth. It has been so easy that it seems impossible. A.L. (Ark.)

I seem to have been cured of a pain in my left side through prayer to Brother Meinrad. A.W. (Canada)

Miscellaneous favors are reported by the following:

M.F.S. (Ind.); W.J. (Ind.); C. M. (Pa.); D.P. (N.Y.); M.C. (Pa.); B.G. (Ind.); M.L. (Ill.); M.H. (Ind.); L.T.B. (Ind.); C.M. (Utah); G.H. (Wash.); B.M. (Ill.); H.H. (Ky.); G.L. (N.D.); F.Q. (Ind.); E.S. (Iowa); K.W. (Pa.); J.S. (Ind.); T.K. (Texas); Anon. (R.I.); B.G. (Kansas); B. S. (Ill.); J.E.L. (W.Vir.); L.H. (Ind.); P.L. (Kansas); N.E.B. (Ill.); F.P. (Pa.); C.J.M. (Md.)

INVITATION

SACRED

HEART

NOVENA

June
20th to 28th
1946

A Novena of Solemn High Masses before the Blessed Sacrament Exposed will be offered at the High Altar of the Abbey Church beginning on June 20th, the Feast of Corpus Christi, and ending on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

List your petitions and intentions on a slip of paper and send in to THE GRAIL. They will be placed under the High Altar for this Novena.

For those who wish to take an active part in this Novena in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, one of the following is suggested:

Daily attendance at Holy Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.

Daily recitation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart.

A short visit to the Blessed Sacrament each day of the Novena.

Attendance at Holy Mass and the reception of Holy Communion on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 28th.

The Grail, Benedictine Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana

